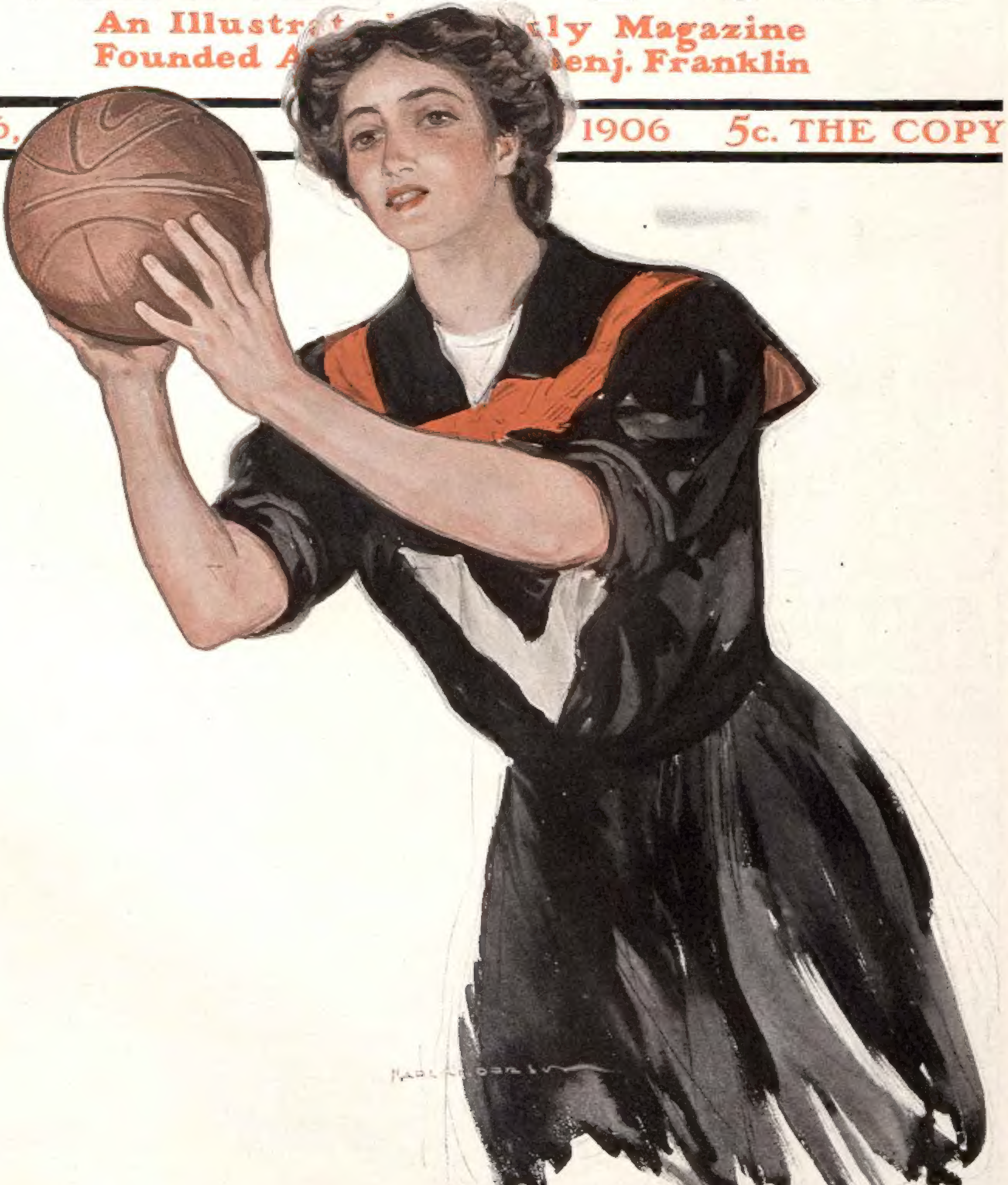
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustr tly Magazine
Founded A enj. Franklin

OCT. 6, 1906 5c. THE COPY



VASSAR: Delicious but Dyspeptic—By WALLACE IRWIN

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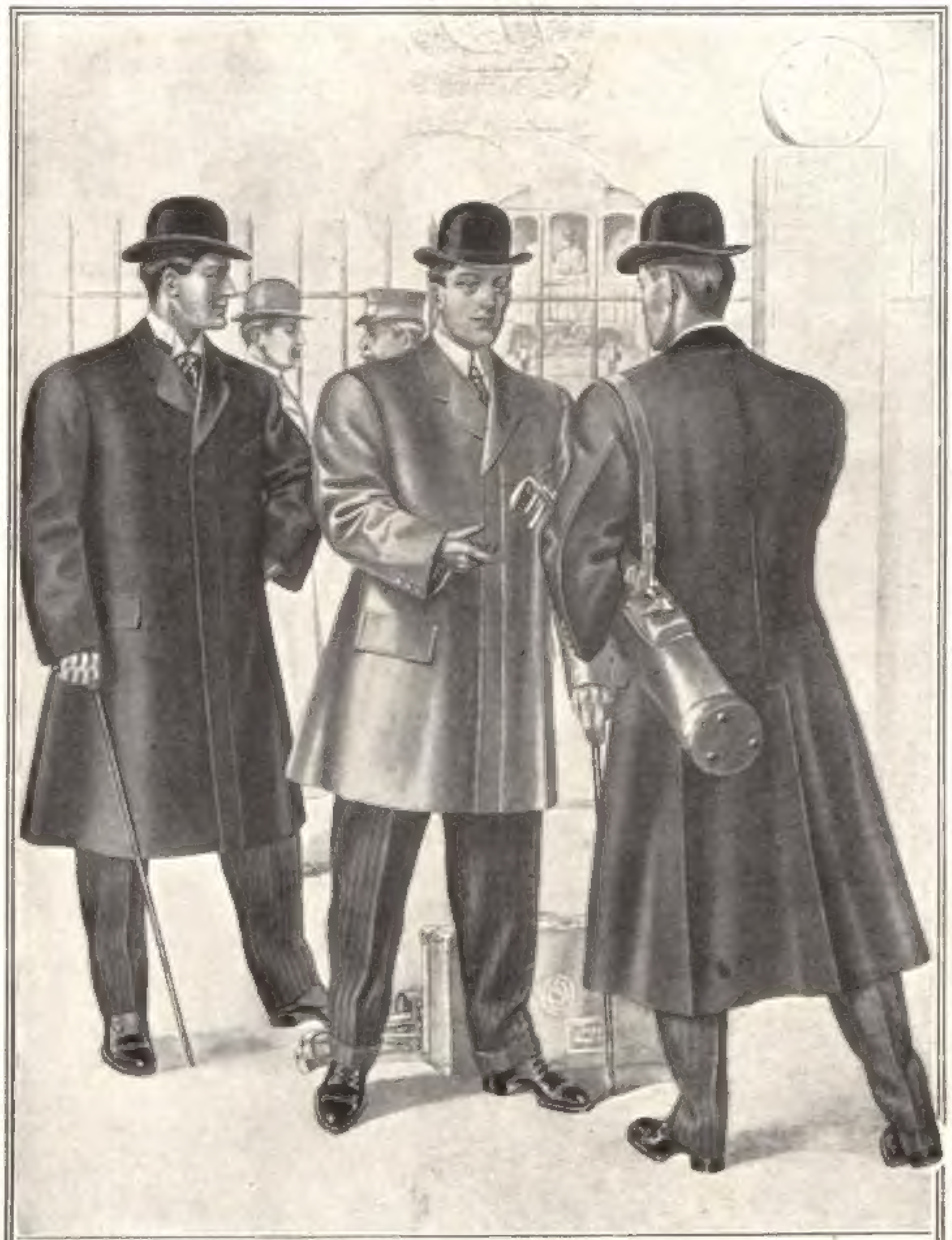

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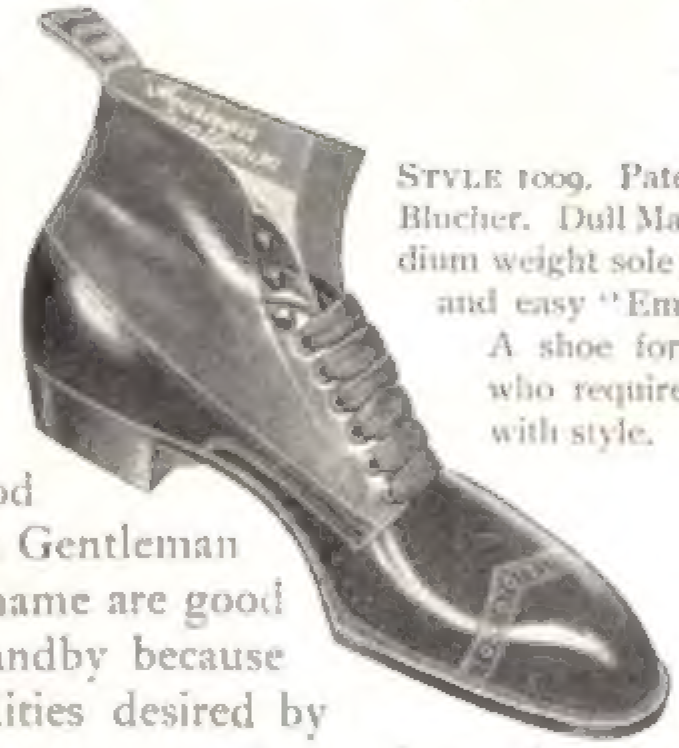

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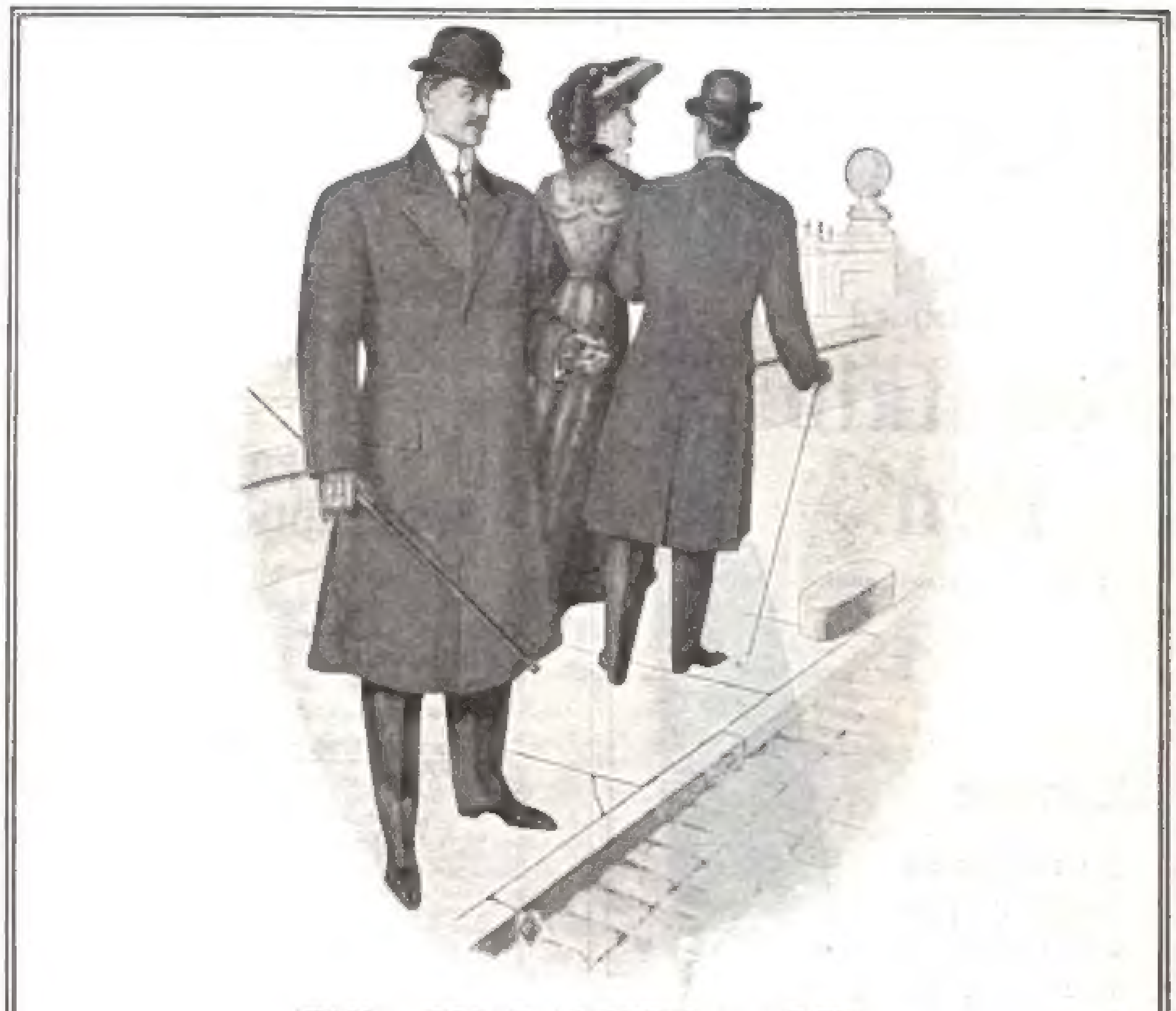

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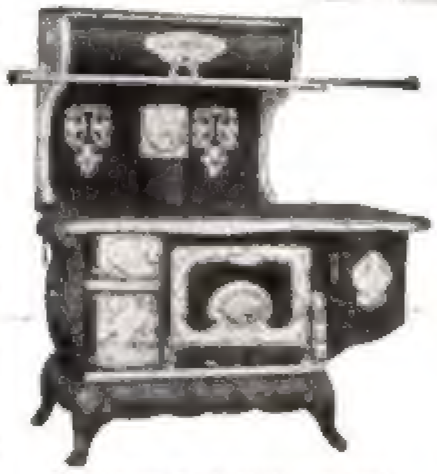

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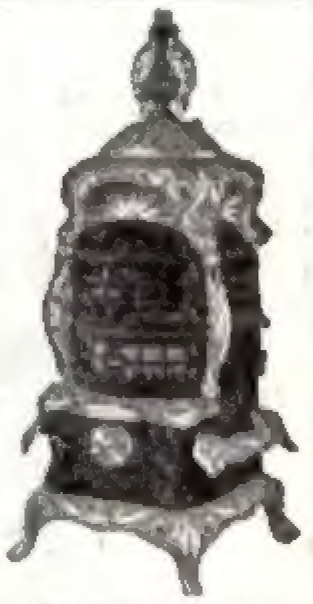

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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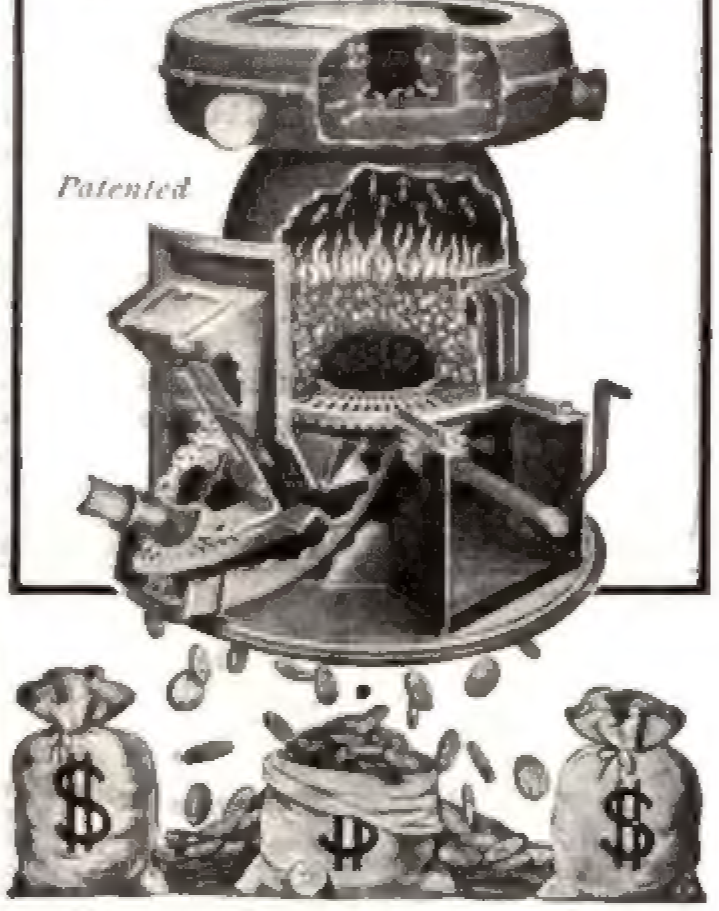

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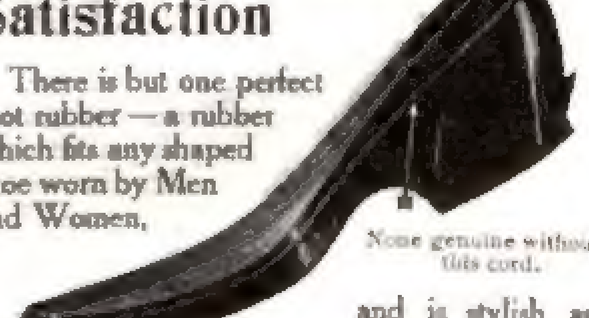

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN SCHOOL-TEACHER

How the Prairie Boy Came Out of the Tall Grass

By Forrest Crissey

AT THE start the School-Teacher was simply the Prairie Boy. His forebears were fighters and trail-breakers of the staunchest Puritan stock. The old Massachusetts Reports say that thirty-three of them fought in the Revolutionary War. Springfield, Massachusetts, was the original settlement from which they sent out generation after generation to the wide fields of the adventurous West.

Abner, the great-grandfather of the Prairie Boy, started westward in 1806, and was one of the founders of the first settlement in Western New York. The grandfather, named Elias, was an Abolitionist of the extremest type. He had a large family of boys, and five of them started westward before they were twenty-one years of age. The one who was destined to become the father of our School-Teacher spent his youth in New York State working in a sawmill—a business which his father had followed before him. He walked across the State of Ohio and did not make a permanent stop until he reached Strawberry Point, in Eastern Iowa. Here he put up a little one-room shack of the flimsiest sort and secured a patch of land on the Maquoketa River for the site of his mill. It did not seem to occur to him that a change to a new country might call for a change of occupation. His first big task was the building of a brush-dam across the river to furnish the mill with water-power. The story of this sawmill enterprise sharply illustrates the bulldog tenacity of purpose that characterized both the father and the son.

The first spring freshet after the sawmill had been put up swept away the dam as if it were a mere brush-heap. Three times the dam was replaced, and the sawmill enterprise was only abandoned when its owner's Abolition blood became stirred by the appeals for recruits which swept the country at the outbreak of the War.

One night, in 1862, the father returned home from the village late and with a face of unusual seriousness.

"Well, I've enlisted," was his terse announcement.

The mother cried with abandon for the greater part of the night. But, after that, she faced the situation bravely and without complaint. Every article of property that could be spared was sold at once, and before the soldier marched away with his company, he saw his little family moved into a small house in the village.

At this time it began to dawn upon the Prairie Boy that his mother had but one thought and purpose in her life and that the way to spell it was S-C-H-O-O-L. However, he is now keenly awake to the fact that she had many other cares and interests beyond keeping him in school and that she was a woman of the true pioneer type, possessed of uncommon abilities. The soldier received in "county scrip" one hundred dollars of bounty money, which was promptly discounted at one-half its face value for cash. Although the volunteer received only thirteen dollars a month, he managed to send home ten dollars of this amount—and sometimes all of it—every thirty days.

When he returned, after the close of the War, his thrifty wife presented him with a house and lot in the village and three hundred dollars in cash. It is true that, after the soldier became a lieutenant, his wages were slightly increased, but the industry and good management of the mother were responsible for the fact that she was able to take good care of her little family and also put by something for the future. As the Prairie Boy was only five years of age when they moved into the village, he was, of course, unable to be of any practical help about the house. There was, however, one thing which he could do, and that was to hold the candle in the woodshed, evenings, while his mother sawed the wood for her fire. Even then, this rough and awkward toil gave to his mother a touch of heroism in the eyes of the little candle-bearer. The second day after they came into the village, the Prairie Boy was sent to the town school. Every small happening of that day was photographed upon his mind and is often recalled by him now. The village school did not have a summer term, and quite naturally the Prairie Boy looked forward to the summer as a time of play and vacation. He was doomed to disappointment, however, for at once, after the close of the village school, he was sent out to the nearest country school where the "summer term" was in progress—and he was kept there, too, until the close of the term.

Their Wedding Journey was Made in a Lumber-Wagon Loaded with Their Household Goods

The Prairie Boy was only six or seven years of age when he began his career as an earner. His first employment was that of dropping corn for a farmer who lived close to the edge of the village. Soon he learned how to handle a hoe and later to husk corn. All of his earnings were turned into the family fund. The day when he was given a large, red two-cent piece "for his own" stands out in his memory with sharp distinctness. With splendid recklessness, he spent it for a stick of striped candy.

When at last the father returned from the War he became an insurance agent and did a thriving business, keeping a horse and riding the country for miles about. His new vocation brought him in contact with nearly all the men of the county, and as a result he was elected supervisor and given other proofs of his neighbors' regard for him as one of the "bright" men of the community. Altogether, affairs in the home of the Prairie Boy had never seemed so promising as in those first years following the War.

No occurrence in all his boyhood was more painful to the boy than an incident of this period. One evening, at the close of family worship, after the father had arisen from his knees, he slipped an arm around the shoulder of the boy and slowly said to him: "Ed, something happened down

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Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles in which is told the intimate life-story of Edwin G. Cooley, head of the Public School System of Chicago and one of the foremost educators of America. He has under his charge 250 schools, 5800 teachers and 280,000 pupils.

at the post-office this evening that gave me a great deal of gratification. One of our leading citizens said to me that he regarded you as one of the best little boys in this town."

Instantly the cheeks of the Prairie Boy flushed red as a maple-leaf after a frost, and the fires of shame seemed to burn him from head to foot. If his father had said that the leading citizen had denounced him as a scamp and a rascal, the shame that would have followed could not have equaled that which he felt on being called "one of the best little boys in town."

Up to this time, the only book in the house, besides the Bible, was a bound volume of Godey's Lady's Book—a popular magazine of that period. One day something happened which proved of far-reaching importance in the life of the Prairie Boy: the township Library Association disbanded, and the books were distributed among those who had helped start and support it. The insurance agent's share in this distribution was a volume of Rollin's Ancient History, beginning with the successors of Alexander the Great. By daylight and candlelight the boy followed the fortunes of the successors of Alexander with all the intensity that the lad of to-day feels in the heroes of Henty's pages.

Here were fighters and philosophers who breathed greatness and who lived in an atmosphere of fierce and exalted heroism. Of all the great figures which stalked through the pages of Rollin, Eumenes was easily first in the affections of the Prairie Boy. The unflinching loyalty of this great leader to his ideals, his superiors and his associates caught the impressionable imagination of the lad, stirred his blood and soaked into the fibre of his being. With an intensity of interest hardly comprehensible to the schoolboy of to-day, the Prairie Boy reveled in the sieges of Athens and of Rhodes; the exploits of the Achean League; the hand-to-hand combat between the Roman Legion and the Macedonian Phalanx; the dramatic story of the siege of Syracuse, with the genius of the great mathematician, Archimedes, pitted against the whole Roman army; and the tragic romance of Antony and Cleopatra.

The father was so proud of the lad's achievement as a "solid reader" that he mentioned it at the post-office.

Like the other post-office gossip, it soon became public property and circulated throughout the entire community. A somewhat well-read farmer, by the name of Jacques, was among those who heard of the boy's scholarly acquirements. The next day he appeared at the office of the insurance agent with a copy of Josephus in his hand.

"That," he remarked, "is for your boy. If he likes Rollin, he will surely like Josephus. Tell him it is a present from a man who likes to run across a boy who has a natural taste for good reading."

After he had devoured Josephus and reread his favorite portions of Rollin, his historic thirst was still unsatisfied, and he borrowed a copy of Plutarch's Lives from the son of the local Baptist minister. Here was another feast as much to his relish as those which had preceded it.

But his reputation, at the age of eleven, of being "the greatest reader in Strawberry Point" brought other grist to his mill. The next offering was from an eccentric uncle and was in the shape of a huge sheep-bound volume of Shakespeare's Complete Plays. His bent for history guided him to Julius Cæsar and the other great historical dramas. Here was history "in the doing," not in the recounting—history with the life-blood of action.

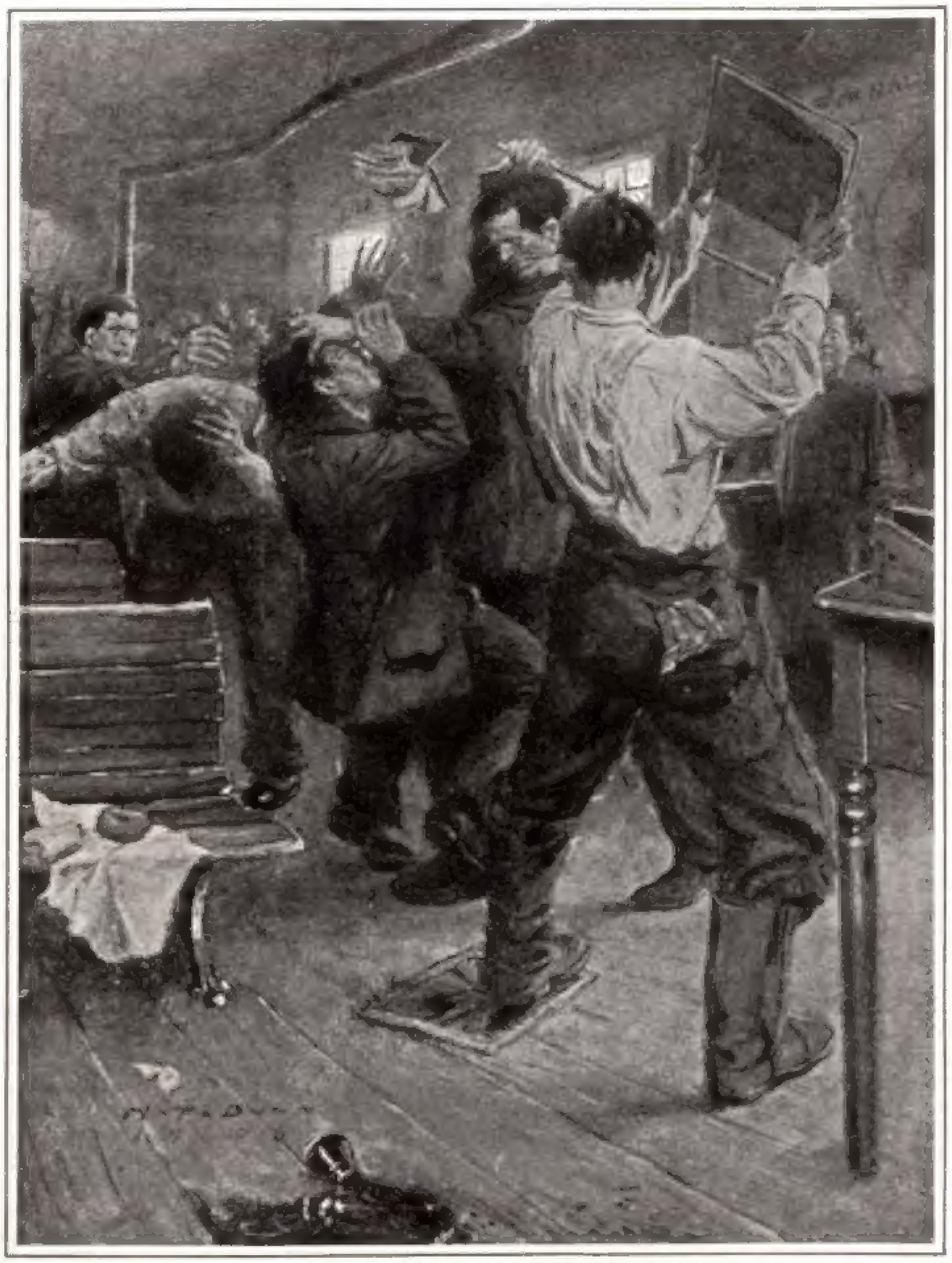
A thin, limp copy of Walter Scott's poems also came into his hands about this time and charmed him with its romance and vivid descriptions. His taste for poetry was awakened by Scott, and his eye fell covetously upon a paper cover of Milton, in the window of a general store. Two years passed, however, before he had fifty cents he could spare for the purchase of this volume. But its reading repaid him for the months of envious waiting.

From Scott's poems to his novels was a natural step, and these were about the first books of fiction which the Prairie Boy read. The reading of these great romances was distributed over some four years, from the time he was thirteen until he was seventeen. He read them in his attic room, out under the trees, and wherever he went.

When the Prairie Boy reached the age of fifteen years the son of the Baptist minister persuaded him that he should make any sacrifice necessary in order to attend the State University at Iowa City, to which place the minister was going to educate his lad. This argument was particularly effective when accompanied by the suggestion that the best scholar and the greatest reader in Strawberry Point certainly ought not to stop short of a college education.

For several years the vacations of the Prairie Boy had been put in at hard work, the results of which had been carefully saved. First he worked on the railroad, then being built through Strawberry Point, as water-boy, and later as the driver of a scraper. Also he had contrived to pick up odd jobs, and in the autumn had found profitable employment in the harvest-fields. His thrift and activity resulted in an accumulation of two hundred dollars in cash, which he was at liberty to spend for an education if he so desired.

As the delights of knowledge were spread out before him by the preacher's son, a bargain was soon struck with the minister himself, whereby the Prairie Boy was to be boarded throughout his University course for $2.50 a week, and was to have free passage in a buckboard, drawn by a pair of mustangs, over the one hundred and twenty-five miles of dirt roads between Strawberry Point and Iowa City. Two days were required to make this trip, and it was the boy's first venture out into the world.



A Skirmish and a Pitched Battle Settled the Question of His Supremacy

The University and preparatory school had been in session for five weeks when the two boys entered. The Prairie Boy had just begun the study of algebra, had never looked into physics, chemistry or science of any kind, and had never seen a man or woman who knew Latin or Greek. It was, therefore, arranged that he should have a chance to do extra work to "catch up" in the preparatory school. He was innocent of geometry, and University algebra was decidedly beyond him. In spite of all these handicaps, however, the end of the first year gave him a record of 100 in Latin, and he was even with his class in the other studies.

He did not then understand just how he was able to accomplish this feat, which astonished both his teachers and his fellow-students; but in after years he realized that it was largely because he had become used to digesting the strong meat of solid reading, and because of the intensity with which he concentrated all his energies upon the thing in hand. Having read only solid books—most of them great books—his reading sense had not been pampered and weakened by feeding on stuff "written down" to the childish level.

He had escaped the mushy baby-foods of the modern "juveniles"—a few flakes of history sweetened with the syrup of fable or folk-lore—and had cut his intellectual teeth upon the bone and sinew of real literature. His capacity to get interested in books which held and captivated men of intellect and culture had never been undermined by a diet of "reading made easy," and he had no shrinking from the mental effort required in the mastication of literature made for men.

Whatever the Prairie Boy read he gave himself to it with a whole-hearted intensity which, for the time being, shut out all else and made the thing described by the writer so distinct that he could "see it." But he was not in any sense a bookworm or a recluse. His physical strength and energy, as well as his necessities, forbade this. Soon after his arrival, he started out to explore the town. One morning, while scouting about on the edge of the village, he discovered a pile of cordwood two hundred feet long. In less than an hour from the time he had encountered it, he had made a contract with the owner to saw the wood into stove length, at $1.25 a cord.

Thereafter every morning and evening saw him doing an hour's stunt with the bucksaw which he borrowed. Somehow he did not miss the gymnasium or the ball team so long as the woodpile held out. And his engagement with the bucksaw, his lessons and his incidental reading took the edge off his energies and he had little appetite for hazing or "scrapes" of any sort.

When the spring term came to an end, and he took passage in the buckboard for home, he was bubbling with enthusiasm for a college education. He had tasted first blood and thirsted for more. Almost he admitted to himself the possibility of finally going to one of the great Universities in the East.

Urged on by the incentive of providing himself with the sinews of war for a full college course, he lost no time in hustling for work and quickly "hired out" as a farm-hand at twenty dollars a month. He continued at this until the coming of harvest. Crops that year were heavy and the call for harvesters was uncommonly keen. Farmers freely offered two dollars a day, and the Prairie Boy was not long in arriving at the conclusion that it was harvest-time for him, as well as for the farmers, and that he must make the most of his opportunity. After the crops of the farmer for whom he worked had been harvested, he said to his working-mate:

"Chris, you and I can earn more than the rest of these fellows; but we'll never get more if we don't ask for it. You have a horse and buggy and we can go through the county and get three dollars a day where the common drifters get two and two-and-a-half."

"All right; we try it," responded the good-natured German, and they soon struck out through the country.

Before evening of the first day out, they came to a big farm with sweeping fields of prime grain ripe for cutting.

"Yes," said the farmer, "I need you, and I'll pay three a day—but you'll have to earn it, you bet!"

They were out at sunrise and bending to their task in the wake of the old-fashioned reaper. The field was smooth and level, the horses strong and brisk walkers, and the machine new and in perfect trim. Every condition was right for setting the binders a pace—and the ethics of the harvest-field forbade them to fall behind in the race.

As noontime approached, the windrow of grain that fell from the clicking sickle of the reaper seemed to writhe and squirm before the eyes of the Prairie Boy; the landscape grew dim and blurred, and each time he bent to his bundle the thought came to him: "I'll topple over this time, sure; I can't straighten up—not once more!"

When one hundred and ninety acres of small grains on the Davis farm had been harvested and the farmer handed out sixty-three dollars to the Prairie Boy, the lad felt richer than the owner of the crops and the land—for he had saved ninety-three dollars from the season's work. By the time he reached home, however, he had figured out

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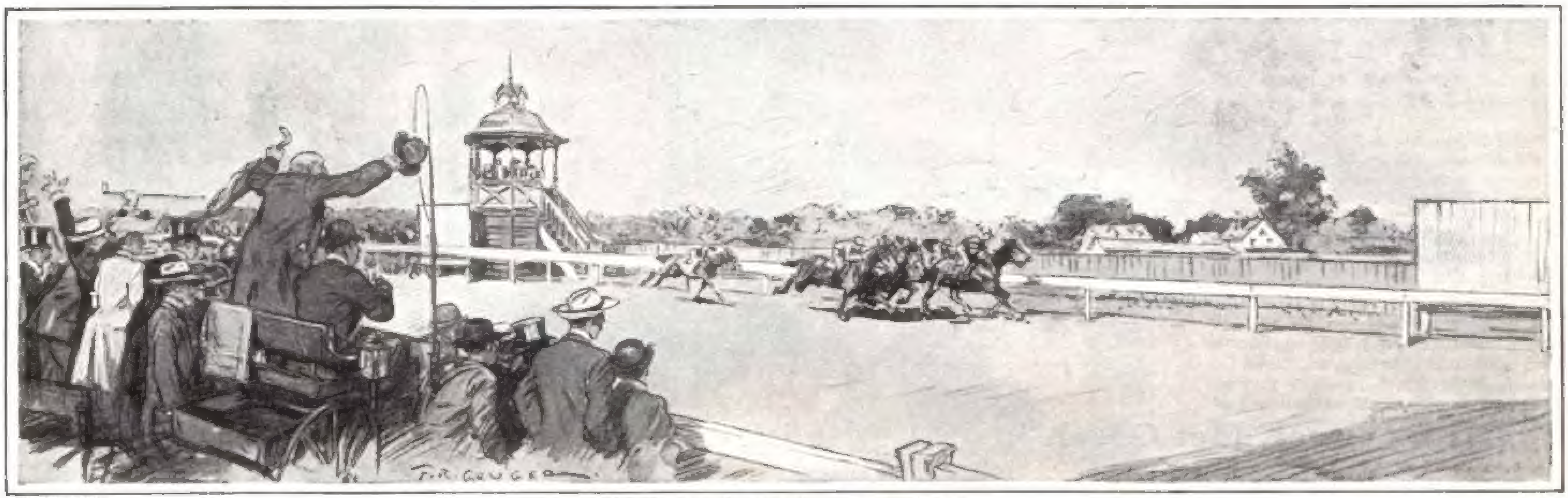
ARISTIPPUS



"'It's Too Late Now; the Horses are Running!'"

An Inadvertent Plunge and an Imperishable Principle

BY KENNETT HARRIS

ED GANZWEILER was talking with two or three other live-stock commission-men in the office of the big Halsted Street house-of-call, discoursing of stockers and feeders, bulls and lights, natives, Texans, canners and cutters, what was up and what was down, what was coming in and what was going out, who was winning and who losing in the game played on that vast checker-board, the squares of which are marked with six-inch scantling and colored with the cattle from a thousand hills.

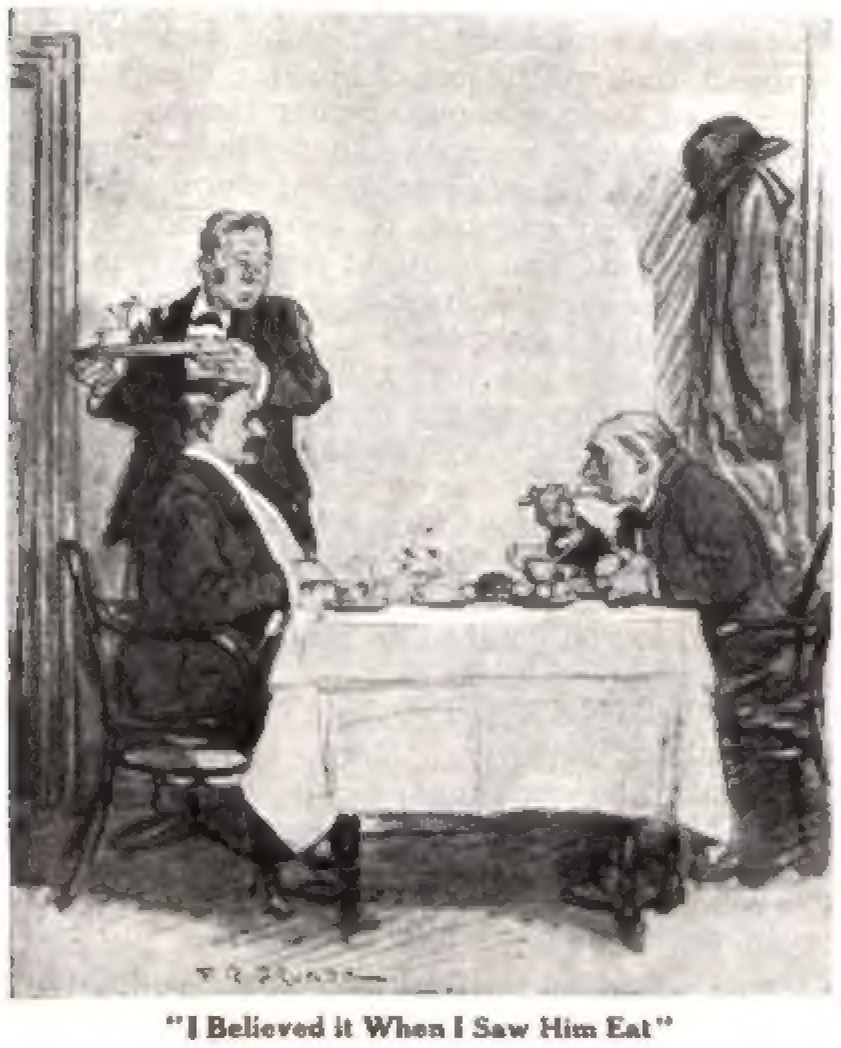
"Billings got hold of a bunch of easy money in that deal," observed Larry Haddon.

Ganzweiler's broad, smooth-shaven face wrinkled in a grin. "So did somebody else," he said. "That's one thing that I've always noticed about easy money: it stays easy a long time. If I get it easy, so does the guy who takes it away from me, and the next one that gets his hooks on it doesn't have to sweat for it either. It travels at a pretty good clip as long as the velvet stays on. Didn't take Billings more than a month to go belly up, at that."

"All that don't worry me," remarked Haddon. "It isn't slipping my way any too smooth."

"You're all right then," said Ganzweiler. A whimsical twinkle came into his light blue eyes and he rolled his cigar around in his mouth, his fat, diamond-decked little finger delicately crooked.

"I knew one man who worked for his money," he said. "He knew what a dollar was worth. His pores opened like he'd been in a Turkish bath for every one o' them he ever knotted up in his sock. He came in from Iowa with a car of fat heifers; that was how I met him. I haven't been much in the habit of associating with the dewy-browed of late years. I took a fancy to him the moment I laid eyes on him. He was a little guy—jay to the limit—a little, hatchet-faced, long-nosed old boy, with a lean, ropy, red neck that came out of his coat-collar like a turtle's does out of his shell. Every once in a while I caught myself wondering if he'd jerk his head in if I tapped him on the nose, or whether he'd snap at my fingers. I could hardly keep from trying it. He kind of hypnotized me. And he wore the genuine old butternut pants, and the overcoat he had on he told me he'd 'wore fer twenty years, stiddy.' The cattle weren't his—not more than one or two of them, anyway. He'd brought them in for the pass. He had some business in Chicago. There was a married stepdaughter of his living on Emerald Avenue owed him money, and he thought this was a good chance to collect. Yes, he was from Iowa."



"I Believed it When I Saw Him Eat"

"There's nothing the matter with Iowa," said Crary, who is a loyal son of that State.

"Nothing much, only Shaw and Wilson and a few more," admitted Ganzweiler. "He told me about this money his stepdaughter owed him. She played it pretty low on the old man, by his account.

"'When she got merried,' he said, 'nothin' would do her but she had to have a lot o' extry fixin's. I'd allus bought her the things she needed, or her mother had, when she was a-livin', which was the same thing. But I wus ag'in her gittin' merried, anyway. It wus jest a-comin' on harvest-time, an' an extry man to cook for that I'd hired. I told her that if she'd put off the weddin' till after thrashin' I'd do the right thing by her; but no, that wouldn't do. She up an' quit, an' I had to pay a woman wages to come in an' take her place, until I got merried ag'in myself. An' what does she do but go down to the store an' buy right an' left, an' had the storekeeper charge the things up to me. Seven dollars an' thirty cents it come to, all told.'

"It just did me good to hear him talk: he was so different. I wouldn't have missed him for the best show in town. It wasn't but a little while before I was calling him Aristippus and he was calling me Ed."

"What did you call him Aristippus for?" asked Larry Haddon.

"No particular reason, except that was his name," replied Ganzweiler. "This was the first time that he had ever left home, except once he went to the Corn Palace at Sioux City and stayed over night. He took his wife and stepdaughter along with him. They paid their expenses and he paid his, but it seems they got to blowing themselves so freely on the butter-money that he got unhappy and coaxed them away from the reach of temptation. After a while we went out and he stopped to dicker with old Jerry at the gate for a pocket-knife. I stood there all of ten minutes while he pawed over the stock in the tray. He wanted a fifty-cent knife for thirty-five cents.

"'I kin git a derned sight better knife than that in Creston, Ioway, fer thirty-five cents,' he said.

"'You take my tip an' go back to Creston an' buy one,' says Jerry. 'My price is a dollar, an' no cash discount, but you'll be foolish to pay it.'

"'You don't need to git huffy about it,' says my friend. 'That hain't no way ter work up a trade. Will you take thirty-five fer this'n?'

"'I'll tell you what I will do,' says Jerry. 'I don't want to lose too much money, an' I can't afford to sell you one o' them knives under fifty cents, but I'll give you a dime if you'll chase yourself away from here.'

"For a minute I thought that he was going to take the dime. He did half reach for it, but he drew back.

"'There's some ketch in it,' he says suspiciously. 'I reckon I'll look around. If I don't find nothin' that suits me better I'll come back.'

"'If you do I'll bat you in the eye,' says Jerry.

"I took Aristippus by the arm and led him off across the street and lavished a little refreshment on him. He was a little worried that he had overlooked a bet, and wanted to know what Jerry would have done if he had taken that ten cents. I told him that he'd have called a cop and had him pinched unless he squared himself with a ten-spot. 'They mark the dime,' I told him; 'it's an old game.'

"As soon as we'd got through with our business and I'd taken him to the bank I asked him what he was going to do next.

"'I'm going over to Emerald Avenue to see if I can't collect that seven dollars an' thirty cents that's due me,' he says. 'An' then I guess I'll start back home.'

"'Not without seeing a little of the town,' I says. 'You stay over to-morrow and I'll take you around.'

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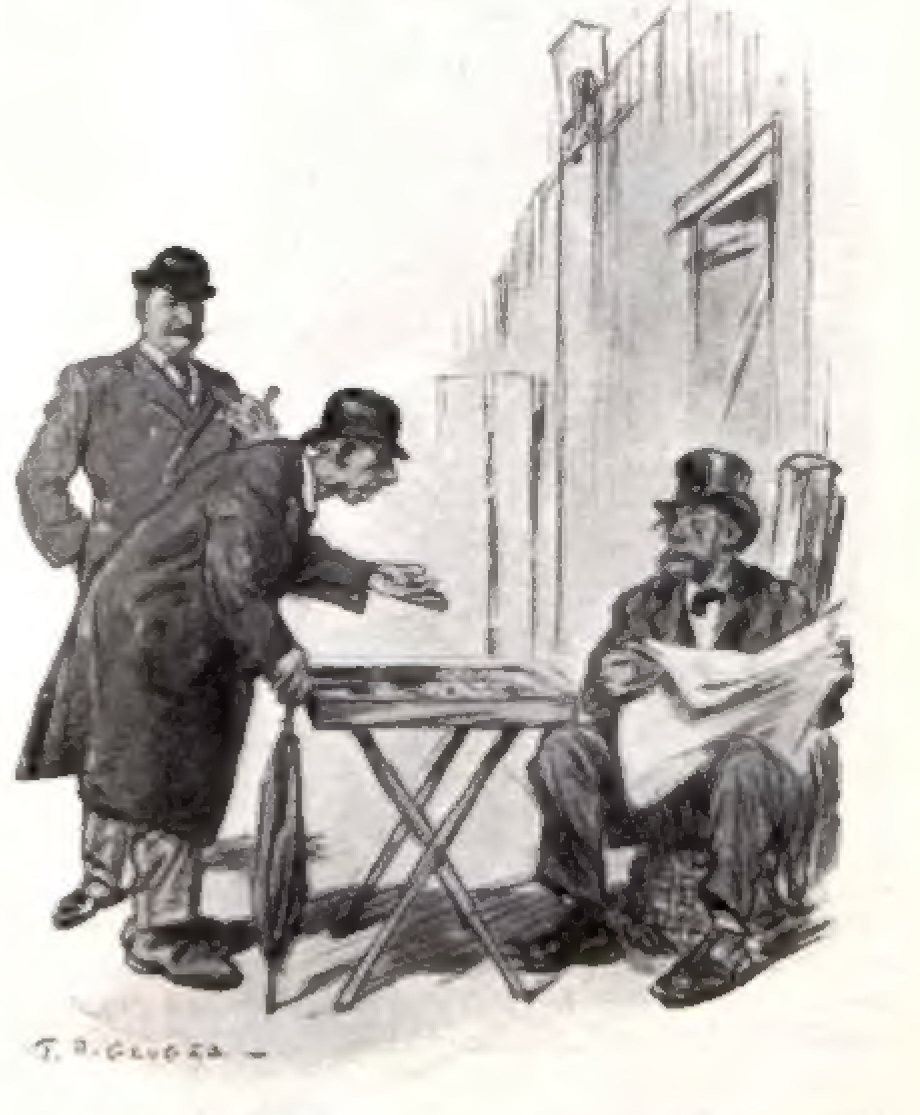
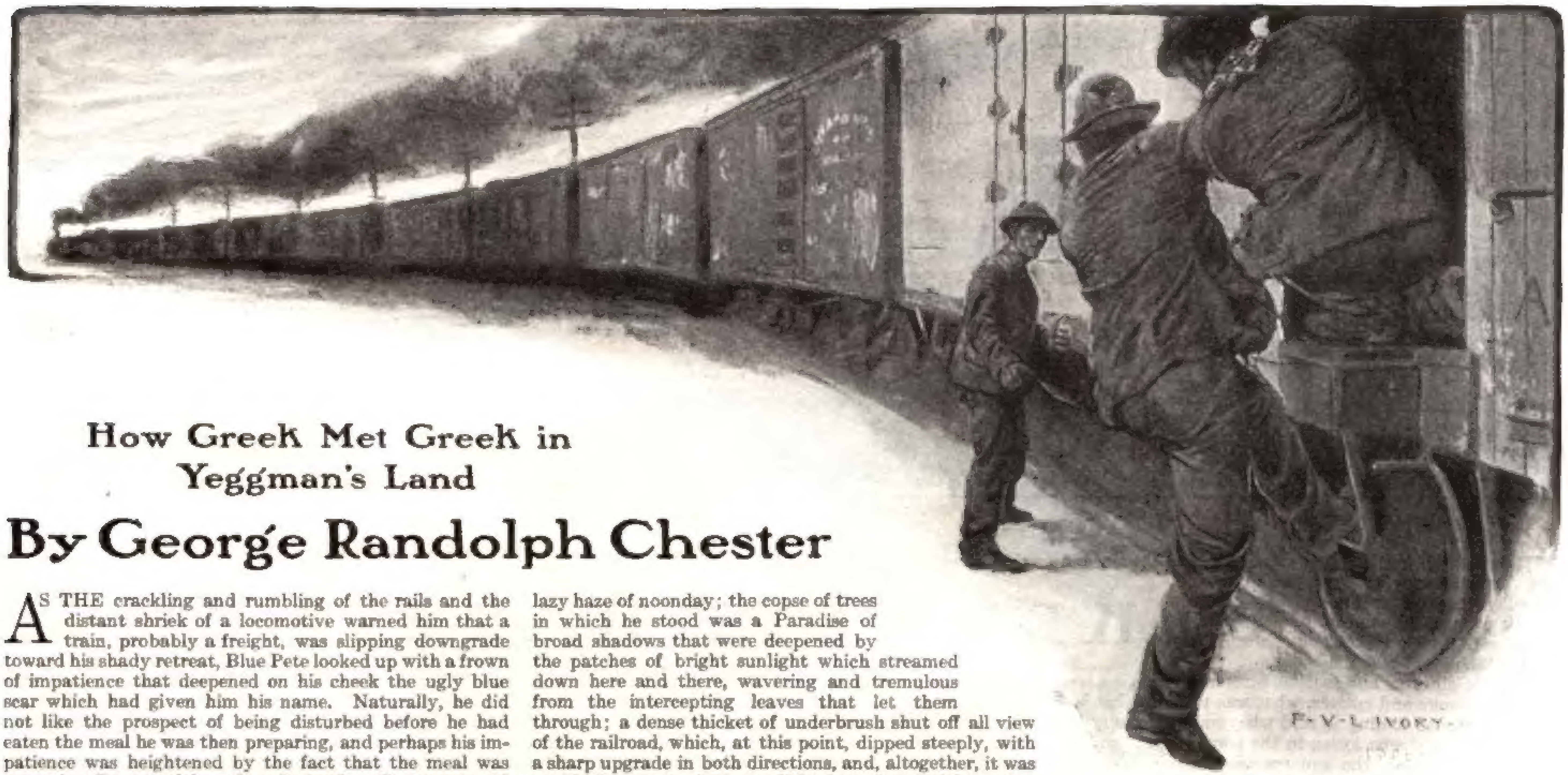


"For a Minute I Thought that He was Going to Take the Dime"

"BLUE PETE"



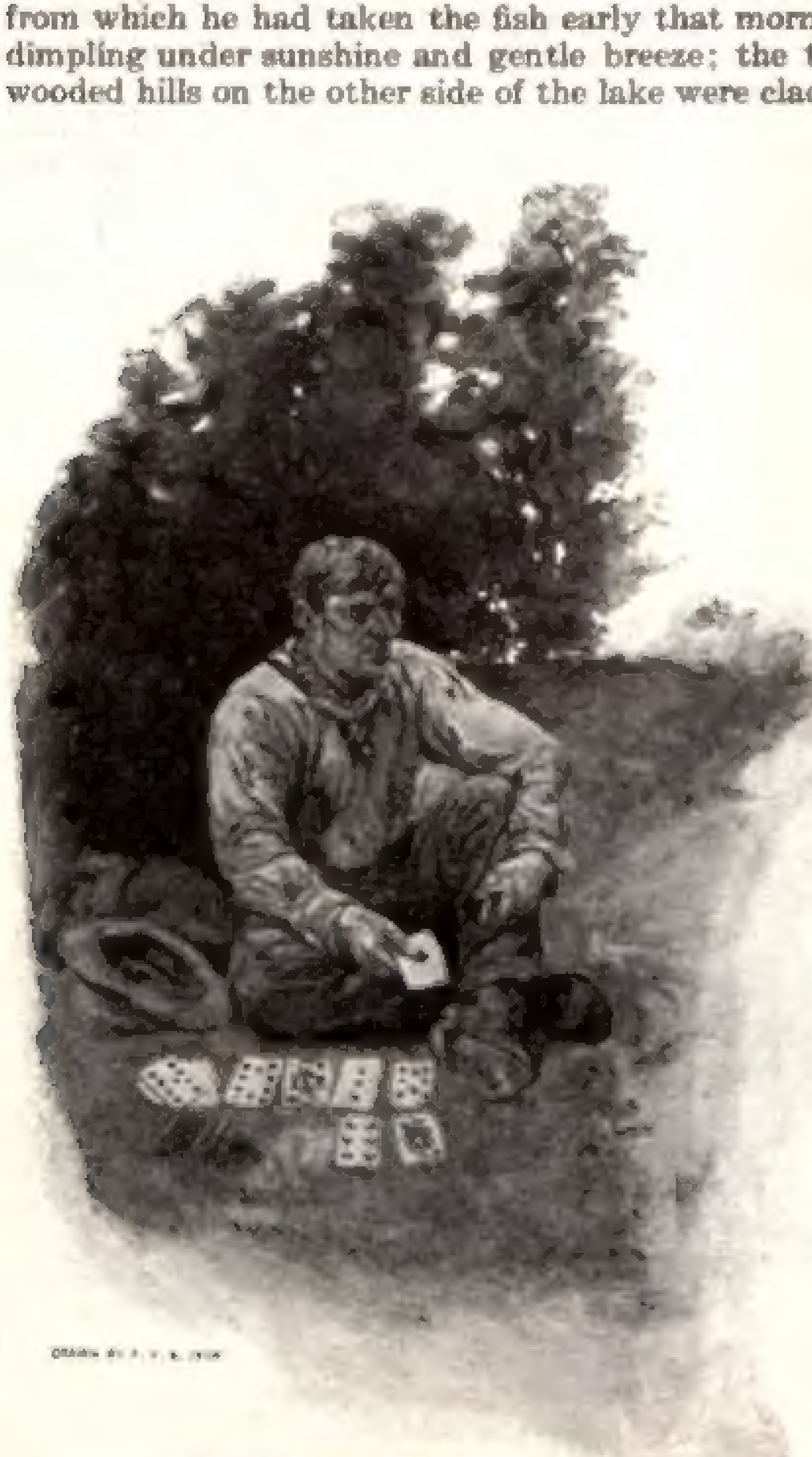
It was an Easy Matter to Catch the Freight Near the Top of the Steep Grade

How Greek Met Greek in Yeggman's Land

By George Randolph Chester

AS THE crackling and rumbling of the rails and the distant shriek of a locomotive warned him that a train, probably a freight, was slipping downgrade toward his shady retreat, Blue Pete looked up with a frown of impatience that deepened on his cheek the ugly blue scar which had given him his name. Naturally, he did not like the prospect of being disturbed before he had eaten the meal he was then preparing, and perhaps his impatience was heightened by the fact that the meal was exceptionally appetizing, though simple. On a rusty-red little wood-stove, abandoned as worthless by some long-ago party of campers, a large fish simmered to a golden brown amid the snapping butter in a battered stewpan. On the back of the stove stood a blackened tin can, from which the coffee had already begun to send little curling wreaths of fragrance into the air. Upon the ground, on a clean newspaper, rested a loaf of home-made bread. By it, on another bit of paper, was a chunk of butter, and in two other small parcels were salt and pepper.

The whistle shrieked again, and the man gave a regretful look about him at the pleasant environment which had been solely his own all the forenoon. The clear little lake from which he had taken the fish early that morning lay dimpling under sunshine and gentle breeze; the thickly-wooded hills on the other side of the lake were clad in the lazy haze of noonday; the copse of trees in which he stood was a Paradise of broad shadows that were deepened by the patches of bright sunlight which streamed down here and there, wavering and tremulous from the intercepting leaves that let them through; a dense thicket of underbrush shut off all view of the railroad, which, at this point, dipped steeply, with a sharp upgrade in both directions, and, altogether, it was an ideal spot at which to alight from fast freights going either north or south. It was too ideal, in fact, for the continued presence of such visitors as the man who occupied it to-day had long since made Clear Lake an undesirable spot for camping-parties.


DRAWN BY F. V. L. IVORY

He Played Solitaire to Keep Himself Awake

The man himself was the only displeasing object in the whole landscape. His clothing bore the cinders and grime of much rough travel; they were creased and wrinkled from having been much slept in; they were rusty from long exposure to sun and rain and wind; they were snagged and torn from contact with briers and unexpected nails and splinters, and from the worn, roughened ironwork of box-cars. His slouch hat was practically shapeless, except for an upturn of the brim at the back which gave him an almost ridiculous air of jauntiness; his coarse, heavy shoes were scuffed and rusty-red, like the stove; a soiled bandanna handkerchief, knotted about his neck, did duty for collar and tie, and a soiled blue hickory shirt and a greasy-looking belt completed his costume. His face was unshaven, and the deep blue scar ran down his right cheek so prominently that one scarcely noted the heavy jaw, the pointed chin, the strong nose, the firm mouth and the clear blue eyes.

The train came rolling easily down the grade. Just as it reached the bottom the exhausts were opened and heavy puffs announced that the engineer was taking the upgrade with all the momentum he could master. Blue Pete listened intently as the speed of the train perceptibly slackened, showing that the downgrade advantage was being lost. Presently his quick ear caught the sound of a peculiar scraping thud on the roadbed gravel, followed but a second or two later by a similar one.

"Two of them," he muttered, and, hastily drawing the now nicely-browned fish from the fire, he put the stewpan behind the stove and concealed himself in the underbrush.

The crunch of gravel, growing more distinct as the noise of the retreating train grew fainter, announced the approach of the intruders, and soon two men parted the bushes at the slightly-defined pathway, emerging furtively into the clearing. The foremost was a heavy man of about Blue Pete's weight. He was a trifle better dressed than Pete, but his face was a repulsively brutal one and his hair was fiery red. Behind him trailed a much younger man, scarcely more than a boy, whose retreating chin and shifting eyes showed him to be of less courage than either of the other two. His hands and feet were smaller, and, like his face, were many shades whiter than those of his companion. There were certain marks upon him, too, which showed him to be out of his element, not the least of which marks were the dust and grime, that had distressed him more and had marked him more ruthlessly than it had the other.

The newcomers displayed a caution that seemed habitual. Even after the leader had reached the centre of the clearing and had noted the fish and the coffee and the bread, he said nothing, but, motioning for silence, stepped stealthily forward to the edge of the lake and surveyed its clear expanse. There was no boat upon it. Turning, he examined the clearing as closely as he was able to do without exploring it tree by tree.

The younger man was the first to break the silence.

"Whoever it was," he whispered, tugging at the other's elbow, "I judge that there was only one, and I suppose we've scared him away for good. Eh?"

The answer startled him for a moment into a pallid-lipped panic.

"Well, well, well!" called out the red-haired man with sudden bold loudness, returning to the stove. "Me chef has lun-chun all ready for us. Draw up your chair, Jimmy the Rabbit, and tuck your napkin under your chin. Will you lap up some consom-may, or just soup?"

He coolly removed the now boiling coffee to the ground, then he tore off a piece of the newspaper, which he folded up to grasp the hot fish by the tail and lift it from the stewpan. Laying the fish on the paper, he divided it down the back with a huge clasp-knife, and, squatting on the ground, took up the loaf of bread. The younger man still hesitated, looking about him nervously.

"Well, Rabbit!" snapped the red-haired man impatiently, and the other instantly sat down with a weak smile, half of fear and half of ingratiation. Two thick slices of the bread had been cut when the man with the scar on his face emerged from his concealment and strode angrily toward the usurpers.

"You 'bo's have got your gall!" he exclaimed, paying no attention to the younger man but directing defiance to the other. "That's my chuck, yous!—Skiddoo!"

The red-haired man was on his feet in an instant, his ugly-looking clasp-knife still in his hand. "The Rabbit" also scrambled up, but there was no menace in his attitude. He was clearly ready for flight.

"Well, what you goin' to do about it?" demanded the red-haired, gripping his knife.

"This!" bellowed Blue Pete, and suddenly whipped out a huge bulldog revolver. "Now, you hike! . . . Chuck that!" he exclaimed, as the other gave a quick twitch of his hand toward his coat-pocket. "If you make a move to your gun, I'll croak you!"

The red-headed man held his arms straight out and let his knife fall, the sharp blade striking into the turf.

"I pass," said he. "It's your prog, Bud. We ain't hungry, anyhow, are we, Rabbit?"

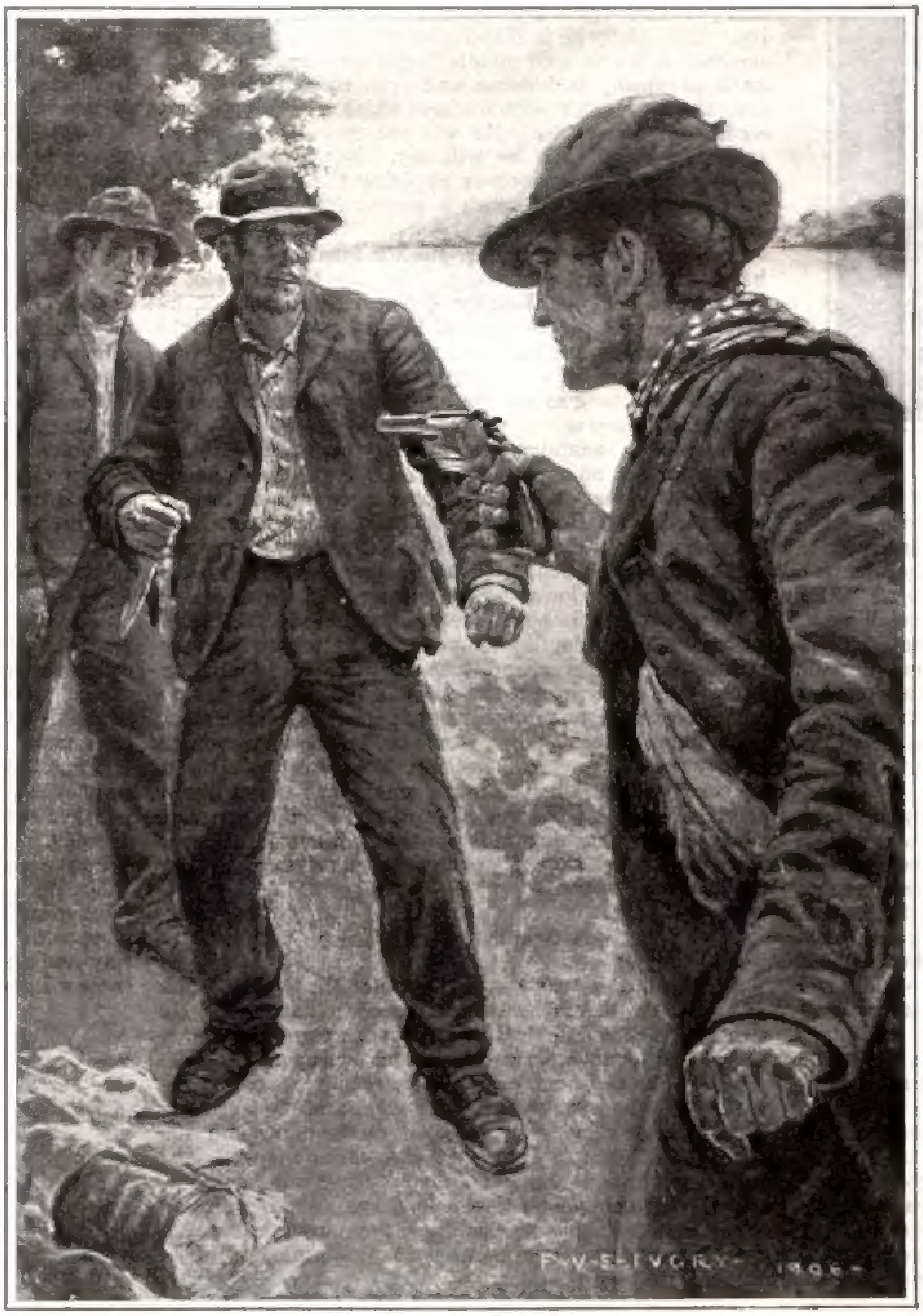
The younger man licked his dry lips and managed to shake his head.

"If you'll dump your gun, I'll throw mine down and bat your conk off," belligerently offered the owner of the fish.

For a moment the red-headed man seemed to debate this offer seriously, and then he grinned.

"What's the use?" he said, with sudden cordiality. "You win, 'bo, but you might give us a hand-out. We've just hit the grit from Chi., with not a bite nor a drink all the way, and that's straight, old pal. The spread looked too good to pass up."

"That's the patter," said the other heartily, lowering his gun and returning it nonchalantly to his pocket. "I'll do better than a hand-out, now, since you duck that stick-up game. I won't be stood up by any frowse that walks, see, pal? But just you plant your piano-keys into that fish and I'll fry some more. Look here!"



"Now, You Hike!"

He went to a little cove at the side of the lake, where some bushes bent down over the water, and drew up a string of half a dozen fine pickerel.

"I got these at daylight this morning," he informed them, "and had two for breakfast at that."

He took off three of the fish, and hastily cleaned and fried them while the others ate. By the time he had finished cooking them, his guests were lying back on the grass in huge content, though watching him hungrily. The host sat comfortably down with them when the meal was ready.

"We ought to have more of the punk," he said, pointing to the bread. "If your pal here ——"

"Jimmy the Rabbit," interposed the red-haired man.

"Well, then, Jimmy, if you'll go after it, I know where you can get it. That farmer, up there where the road crosses, sold me this and the butter and salt this morning. It's the first time he ever seen a 'bo with the mezuma, I guess. Hop along, Bunny."

"I'd rather have fish," said The Rabbit complacently. "Walking might give me corns."

"Well, Rabbit, I'm goin' make you work, anyhow," announced Blue Pete. "You see them bushes up by that little tree? Well, right there, ten feet back from the water, you'll find a pile of little branches on the ground. You take them up and you'll find some wet straw. You lift the straw up and you'll find a hole in the ground, and in that hole you'll find something that'll make your eyes bug out. Bring three bottles and cover the hole up just the way you found it."

"Jimmy," said the red-headed man, "you mind what J. Pierpont Morgan here tells you, and do it quick, see?—Or are you Willie Vanderbilt travelin' incog.?" he continued, turning to his host with mock gravity.

"Never mind who I am," replied Blue Pete. "But say, when I hit the through freight last night, the car I jimmied into was loaded with nothing but bottled beer. When we struck the upgrade here, I kicked off two cases and made my getaway. I hid one case under the bushes up there and dragged one down here for my garglin's. We'll send your pal after the other one."

The red-headed man sighed ecstatically and laid down his piece of fish to wait for the beer, the while he casually confided that he was a plumber, receiving in turn the information that his host was a machinist. Both were looking for work, it seemed. The late comer expressed himself as especially anxious about it, but he eagerly watched The Rabbit all the way to the improvised "cellar" and back, and made short work of nipping the cap off his portion of the spoils.

"Can you beat it?" exclaimed the red-headed man with profound satisfaction as he finished his bottle. "Jimmy, drill up the track and get that other case."

"Too heavy," rejoined Jimmy, comfortably stretching out his legs. "I'm willing to do my share of the work, though. I'll go with either one of you and carry my end."

The red-haired man's answer was characteristic. Without a word, he grabbed a chunk of wood from the ground and hurled it at Jimmy's head. Coming so unexpectedly Jimmy had no time to dodge it, but received it just above the temple with stunning force. The bruised skin was studded with pink perspiration, and from one raw spot a red drop or two trickled down. Surprised and dazed, The Rabbit put his hand to his head. His flash of anger gave way to a flash of terror as his fingers came away stained. The red-haired man made a quick lurch for a stone that lay beside him and The Rabbit sprang to his feet as if animated by an electric shock.

"Sure, I'll go," he said, affecting to treat the incident as a joke, and limped away in a mixed passion of impotent rage and all too potent fear.

Blue Pete laughed unpleasantly.

"You have to do it," he philosophically observed; "that is if you're goin' to learn 'em anything."

The red-haired man glanced suspiciously at him, but gave him no answer beyond a surly grunt. He was in no mood to repose confidences in total strangers, apparently. Blue Pete lifted his eyebrows, and then smiled slightly.

"I'll play you a game of seven-up, drink or smell," he offered, producing a greasy pack of cards, and in this absorbing game, where the winner drank and the loser got but a smell of the bottle, The Rabbit found them when he got back from his hot, dusty trip, dragging the heavy case after him. That accomplished, he was ordered to bring three more bottles and then to lift out the cool ones, empty the fresh case into the bottom of the hole and replace the others on top, all of which he did. Only one lesson had been needed to put him in his place as a lowly bearer of cups among these kings of the cinder highway.

The game of "drink and smell" is peculiar in that it is self-equalizing. The persistent winner is bound, sooner or later, to become either dull and heavy or joyously reckless, whereupon the "luck" invariably changes and the erstwhile loser wins often enough to attain the same beatific condition. In this case, however, Blue Pete seemed to have unusually wretched luck, winning only often enough to quench what, even in an ordinary man, would have been a very modest thirst. Even when his opponent began to grow heavy-lidded, he failed to take certain obvious and entirely legitimate advantages—such as turning jacks from the bottom of the pack, for instance—and, before he could get in comfortable possession of drinking privileges, the red-headed man drew out.

"Me for the hay!" he announced, with a glance of drowsy appreciation at the already snoring Rabbit, and, rolling up his coat, he laid his head comfortably upon it. Blue Pete followed suit, but it was plain that the two were extremely distrustful, each of the other. The red-headed man frequently turned his head in the direction of his host, and once, when sleep had almost overtaken him, he opened his eyes and raised to his elbow with a start. The man with the scar, however, was breathing easily and deeply, his broad breast rising and falling with the regularity of a sleeping child's. Reassured, the watcher lay back, and soon he too was bound in the exhausted sleep that naturally followed his long and arduous journey.

His snore had continued only long enough to assert itself as genuine when Blue Pete cautiously raised his head. He rubbed his eyes and yawned. It had been a desperate battle of will-power for him to keep awake, but he evidently felt that he could not trust his burly guest, for he sat up and watched steadily until he was sure that the man was lost in profound slumber; then, after studying the faces of the red-haired man and The Rabbit for a moment with curious interest, he played solitaire, to keep himself awake, for hour after hour until dusk began to gather, patiently shuffling and dealing and shuffling again, with a mind sometimes intent on the fifteen dollars he had in his pocket. Men, knights of this same cinder highway, had been killed for less, and their bodies mocked.

At last the sleepers gave sign of waking. Hastily gathering his cards, Blue Pete lay down and closed his eyes, remaining in apparent slumber until after the others had scrambled to their feet. Then he, too, pretended to awaken. Arising, he picked up his coat carelessly, catching it by the bottom. From his inside pocket dropped a small bundle, so loosely wrapped in an old piece of newspaper that the paper came open, disclosing a cake of soap and a small bottle filled with a colorless liquid. The man hastily stooped forward to pick up the articles, but the red-haired man had seen them and he laughed aloud.

"A machinist, eh?" laughed the red-haired man. "What's that you got: the grease?"

"What's it to you?" growled the other sulkily, wrapping up the soap and the bottle and thrusting them back into his pocket.

The red-haired man, however, sat down on the ground and slapped his hands on his knees.

"It's no use, Buddie," he said; "I piped you off for a Johnny, anyhow. Oh, you're a metal worker, all right!" And he laughed again, while The Rabbit vaguely grinned and looked knowing.

"Look here," exclaimed Blue Pete, "I don't know what you're talking about, and I don't stand for no guff, see?"

The red-headed man, however, only laughed the louder, and, reaching into one inside pocket, he drew out a long, narrow vial containing the same colorless liquid, producing from the other pocket his own cake of soap.

"We're both after the dull thud thing," he laughed; "and I can tell you who you are from that gash on your face. Every paper in the country has made a big spiel about that scar, and if you're Blue Pete you're king of us all."

"Who are you?" demanded Blue Pete surlily.

"Well," was the reply in affected modesty, through which a justifiable pride struggled for expression, "they call me Chicago Red."

Blue Pete slowly grinned and came over to sit within easy talking distance.

"Is that so?" he queried, with eager interest. "Say, on the level, was it you that croaked Bull Connelly in K. C.? You know I took a plug at him myself once."

"Did I croak him?" boasted Red. "Ask Big Dan at the Headlight saloon, ask Yap Murphy, ask Piggy Williams. Six or seven of 'em saw me turn the trick, but when the inquest come up they was dummies. Yap Murphy didn't even know his own name, and at the time Bull Connelly come up behind me I was standing in front of the Headlight talking to Yap himself. Connelly just puts his hand on my shoulder and says: 'Why, hello, Red, I want you!'—and with that I wheels with my hand in my pocket and give it to him in the heart, right through the lining of my coat. See that hole?" He turned his coat inside out.

(Continued on Page 26)

SHERBURN M. BECKER

The "Boy Mayor" of Milwaukee

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

PHOTO. BY KLEIN, MILWAUKEE

Mayor Becker

SPEAKING of Milwaukee, the Indians called it "Mo-no-wo-kee," the Great Council Grounds. Also, they referred, in a spirit of aboriginal contempt, to that fort and huddle of cabins at the foot of Lake Michigan which has since found culmination as Chicago, as "She-cag," being the savage name of a malodorous small beast, the pelt whereof our furriers—when they have disenchanted it of normal perfumes—sell to ladies as "Canada sable." The sentiment of redskin contempt registered is held toward Chicago by all patriotic Milwaukeans, even unto this day. And yet it was in Chicago that I had my first glimpse of Mr. Becker, Milwaukee's youthful chief magistrate.

Mr. Becker had been down to Peoria, giving a lecture under the protecting pinion of a local bureau, and was on his way home. His secretary, Mr. Hooker, who performs about him in the triangular rôle of guide, philosopher and friend, was with him. I might add, too, that with me was Joseph Medill Patterson, who, at war with a silk and eiderdown environment that left him nothing to do but look out of the window, had backed into Socialism. He had never met Mr. Becker, and expressed a wish to be of the company.

There was some reason for his curiosity. In his Peoria lecture Mr. Becker had seized on Mr. Patterson—not angrily, or for any purpose of offense, but merely to point a moral and adorn a tale—and flourished him and his Socialism illustratively. Mr. Patterson had read of this allusion to himself and his Socialism, and the good counsel that accompanied it, in the daily press, and was eager, in the phrase of the police, to "look Mr. Becker over."

For myself, I was curious to see them meet. Both under thirty, both of the caste of millionaire, one from Harvard, one from Yale, they were, as to sentiments of politics, in head-on collision. Mr. Patterson was for tearing down what is, and substituting Socialism. Mr. Becker was for holding fast what is, and purifying and strengthening it. Naturally, I hoped for a warm debate.

Greek Meets Greek

THERE came nothing of the sort. Their politeness intervened, and neither spoke of politics—not a syllable even as to the soundness of Mr. Becker's advice offered to Socialist Patterson from the Peoria rostrum. I was disappointed. The two talked city government, and verbally tossed on high such municipal trinketry as "Pumping Stations," "Cribs," "Grade Crossings," "Turning Basins" and "Bascule Bridges," until my unsophisticated wits were in a whirl. Mr. Patterson was peculiarly adroit at this jugglery, and could keep five in the air at once.

Mr. Becker, as I have said, is under thirty. This pinfeather condition in no wise discouraged me. I reflected that the younger Pitt was but twenty-four when made prime minister of England, and that Alexander became a king at twenty and a conqueror at twenty-one. Mr. Becker emanates from a stubborn, hard-headed, middle New York strain, known in its own region as Mohawk Dutch. His father, Abraham Becker, is a banker. His paternal grandsire was a lawyer, and waxed rich about the courts. His mother's people come from prudent New England, and her father, Sherburn Merrill—for whom Mr. Becker was named—had fame as a manager of railroads. Also, from the same railroad source, he had a deal of gold.

There is a rough-and-ready atmosphere to Mr. Becker, and yet the roughness has polish and nothing of vulgarity. Essentially he is of the open air, and carries little or no smell of books. Of middle height and muscular build, he is physically in balance and even trim. His face is smooth, not regular, with features which speak of stir and steam and enterprise. He will see more than he will think, do more than he will say. Nor will he be all day in detecting a wrong or applying the remedy. His virtue is promptitude, with a genius for being on the spot.

The great impression Mr. Becker furnishes is one of imperturbable self-confidence. He has the heart of a victor, and does not look for defeat. None the less, he would lose with grace—that is, lose a battle. He would never lose a war, for he would never cease fighting. One might beat him off in an engagement, but he would be back to the attack as soon as he could reform his lines or call up his reserves.

There is no bashfulness, no modesty about Mr. Becker, and yet he has no apparent vanities. He offers a picture of all that is fearless, cool, pushing, sanguine, dauntless, imperturbable. He is one who, if not coarse, is at least not easily hurt. He will never overestimate an enemy nor underestimate himself. He is a natural democrat, meets all men alike, and looks neither up nor down. It is one of his boasts that his skin—metaphorically—is thick, and no one ever saw him in a temper. He objects to thievery rather than to thieves, and locks a man up not so much to punish him as to protect the goods of others. He has no fear of rich men, no repugnance to poor men, and in that, as in divers other respects, is not unlike the Roosevelt of twenty years ago. And yet Mr. Roosevelt, good as a "mixer," never failed to move among the crowd like a patrician on foot. He was often at the Five Points; but always with a Washington Square air. About Mr. Becker there is no suggestion of a pedestal, somewhere, which he can at pleasure resume.

A Start at the Altar

MILWAUKEE was the birthplace of Mr. Becker. His not very distant youth was passed in that town. He went to its schools, fished in its rivers, swam in its lake, played and fought with its males of his own age. When he put on years and book accomplishments he went to Harvard. Then he traveled through Europe and Western Asia. That done, he came home, to go out on the plains and ride a horse and shoot a rifle. He likes motion, speed, and owns a motor-boat that can do twenty-two miles an hour, and an automobile that can do fifty. While whizzing about in these conveyances he plays engineer himself, with the evident determination to die—if die he must—only by his own mistakes.

Returning from the plains, Mr. Becker served briefly among the ledgers and cash-books of his father's bank. Then he took unto himself a wife. This last was sagacious. Orange blooms are ever flowers of wisdom, and only married men succeed.

When he was successfully a husband Mr. Becker took up politics. His ambition was modest; he aimed at a membership on the County Board of Supervisors. The "leaders" of party laughed. He was "a boy." Also, he was a millionaire boy. The "leaders" fell into the common error—I am subject to it myself—of supposing that any boy who inherits a million dollars is a fool. Wherefore they held the enterprising young Mr. Becker to be a jest, and believed him a weakling because he was born rich. Acting on these impressions, the "leaders" snubbed him; whereupon the coming "Boy Mayor" bristled resentfully, and "ran" independent.

The "leaders" relied on Mr. Becker's want of years to defeat him. In that they displayed bad judgment and a want of knowledge of the public. The public likes "boys"; it trusts them and promotes them with every opportunity. The "leaders" believed that Mr. Becker's millions would lose him the battle—the more, since he would not spend a splinter on "ward heelers" and kindred ignoble riffraff of the polls. They were wrong again. The public does not hate rich boys or rich men; it hates rich rascals. Mr. Becker in no wise fell within that latter description, and the people voted him in.

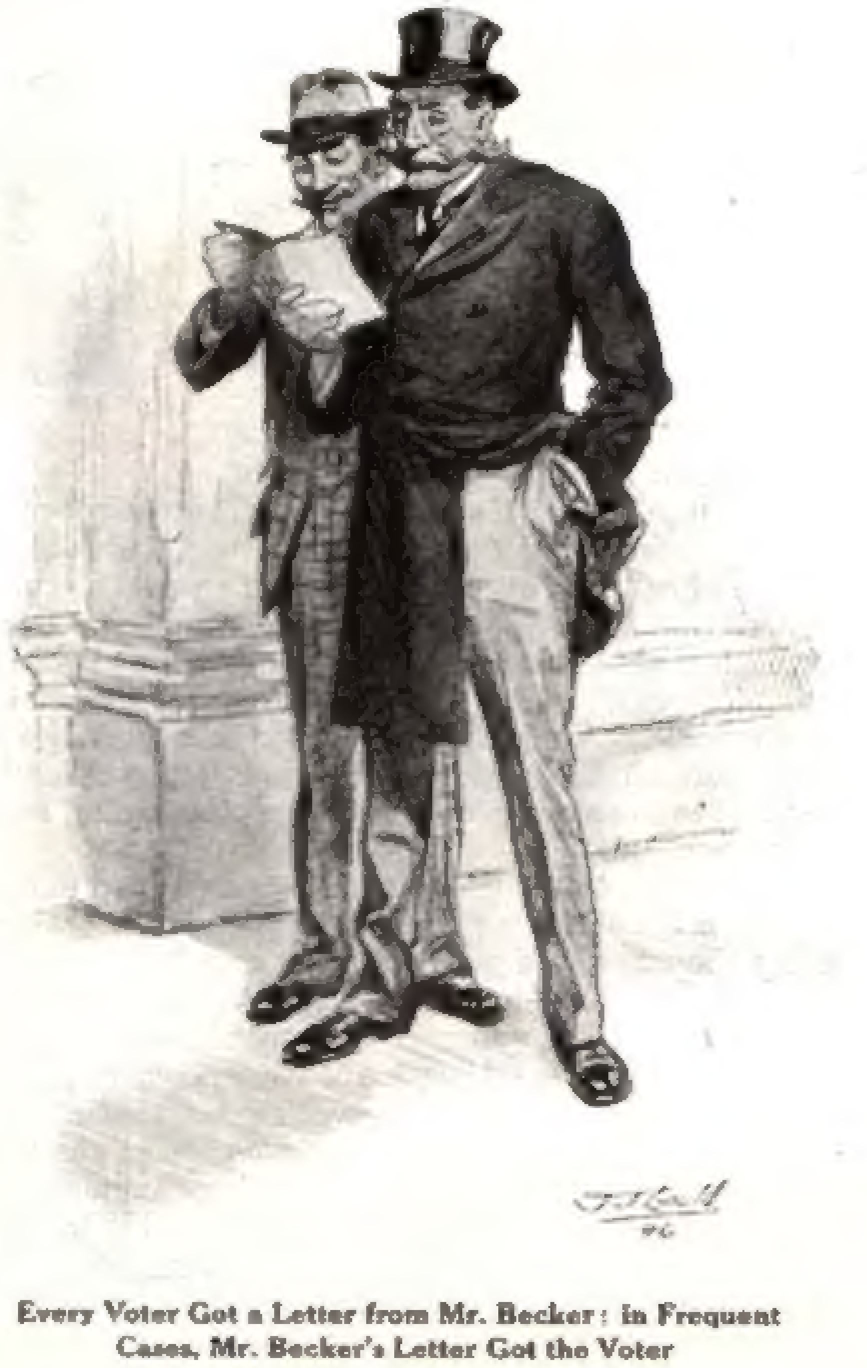
Both city and county, like other cities and counties, had been graft-pastures for the local rings. They were graft-eaten to the roots. Once in office, Mr. Becker sallied forth in quest of graft-criminals. So good a hunter was he that, through his efforts, scores of grafters were dragged to court and sent to subsequent jails. The per cent. of robbery unearthed by the indomitable Mr. Becker might be illustrated by the item of printing. It had cost $37,500. It was worth $3500. The steal in that one instance was $34,000. And so on through a dozen departments. On the heels of these earlier exploits of anti-graft and anti-grafters, Mr. Becker went to the City Council, where he continued the implacable enemy of the rings.

Militant Honesty Contagious

THERE is nothing more contagious than honesty—nothing more popular. Moved by Mr. Becker's example men became honest with a most militant honesty. They sprang up on all sides of him in a Milwaukee night. These honest people urged him to run for mayor. He was nothing loth. Built as he was, upholstered as he was, run for something he must, and that mayoralty suggestion fell in with his humor. To use a colloquialism of the colored brother, the mayoralty "was the next chicken on the roost" political—and he went for it.

Mr. Becker began negotiations at a mass meeting by talking to mankind in this fashion: "No clique or faction has money enough to control or buy me. No railroad corporation or boss can contribute money to my campaign fund. I will make this fight in my own way and on my own responsibility. No one shall say after I am in office that he was responsible for my election. I will fight graft in municipal affairs. I will give every encouragement to the punishment of men who have a hand in any deals. If I can't be elected without the aid of grafters, I don't want the place. If I had to be put in office by the political bosses I would not accept. The political boss is doomed. He is being dethroned all over the country. We have bosses in Milwaukee who will meet the same fate."

Mr. Becker's opponent, Mr. Rose, a gentleman gray in office-getting, was still so fatuous as to suppose that the personal millions of the "boy" politician would get in the way and trip his prospects up. The Becker millions became a Rose argument.



Every Voter Got a Letter from Mr. Becker; in Frequent Cases, Mr. Becker's Letter Got the Voter

He Went to its Schools, Fished in its Rivers, Swam in its Lake

"He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth!" cried Mr. Rose.

"I was not born with a tin horn in my mouth!" responded Mr. Becker cheerfully.

Because Mr. Rose has not been the most silent individual along Lake Michigan, but has persistently and consistently recounted his own virtues, this retort provoked a wide Milwaukee grin.

Mr. Becker went over Mr. Rose on election day like a cable-car. Likewise, from first to last, he put out no venal money, paid no frowzy heelers. But he did plunge on stationery, and it is no exaggeration to say that he fished victory out of the ink-bottle. Every voter got a letter from Mr. Becker; in frequent cases, Mr. Becker's letter got the voter.

Upon Mr. Becker's elevation to the mayoralty the local monopolies—traction, electric light and their fellows—grew pale in their wicked faces; for it was as the avowed foe of their extortions that he went to the City Hall. Nor did he permit his feud to sleep. He was inaugurated in April; already he is in war to the hilt with those monopolies. I mentioned the electric-lighting subject to Mr. Becker, and provoked this:

"Three times Milwaukee has declared for a municipal electric-lighting plant. In spite of the mandate of the people, three times expressed, the electric-lighting monopoly arrogantly calls a halt, and seeks by injunctional proceedings to prevent the erection of the municipal plant. It insolently defies the municipality that gave it its own right to exist, and flaunts its disdain in the faces of the people from whom it receives its enormous revenue. What shall be the response of Milwaukee to this defiance? We shall see."

"What is the Milwaukee traction situation?" I asked.

"Milwaukee intends to show the world that the rights of the public can be protected from the aggression of corporate greed. The street-railway company has defied the city with an insolence born of long abuse of privileges and power. It is attempting to thwart the will of the people, as repeatedly expressed at the polls, and prevent the city authorities from doing what the people of the city have commanded them to do. For years the street-railway company has been collecting from the people of Milwaukee enormous profits to which it is not entitled. It has not been content with a reasonable return upon the money which has been invested. It has insisted on immense profits based upon a high valuation which is largely fictitious. In the corporation practice of stock watering, it has capitalized its business at outrageously high figures, and demanded dividends because the people have been completely in its power. It is time to put an end to these hold-up practices. There is no justification for them. The basis of the whole inflated, overcapitalized system is a franchise granted by the city. The street-railway company, without anything to the city in return, obtains the privilege to use the public streets. It then capitalizes this gift at millions of dollars, and forces the people to pay enormous dividends upon this capitalization—their own gift! Such practices are wrong and ought not to be tolerated. The people of Milwaukee are not unfair to the street-railway company, nor to any other public service corporation. They do not object to a reasonable profit upon the investments which these companies have made. But they do object to paying rates for street-car transportation which are extortionate. They do object to being held up by this company, day after day and year after year, for the enrichment of a few men. A public service corporation is a public institution the primary purpose of which is to serve the public, and it must not be permitted to rob the people as a return for the service it renders."

There are folk, quasi-tasteless yet agreeable, with whom one talks, and who leave one feeling as though one had dined on mush and milk. Mr. Becker is not of these. His conversation has "body." Whether one agree with him or no, one parts from him with the conviction of having listened to a man. He has, in excess, the gift of positiveness.

It was the next day that I girded up my loins for a journey to Milwaukee. Mr. Becker had given me an invitation to come over and behold him at work. It is no long run from Chicago to Milwaukee. Also, one might be certain of the Teutonic character of the latter's population by the premonitory cabbage-patches that checker with dull blue the landscape just outside. However, I gave the cabbages no more than partial attention. I found a Milwaukee man on the train, and questioned him touching Mr. Becker's popularity and the reasons thereof.

The man was full and frank. Mr. Becker was honest, it seems; he was likewise efficient. "Most of all," said the Milwaukee man, "he doesn't interfere." By this phrase I understood, upon a better elucidation, that Mr. Becker has no iron-bound Puritanisms. He does not rush in between a thirsty public and its beer, and holds to German views concerning Sunday.

Why They Love Him

DURING our Chicago conversation I had noticed that Mr. Becker saw no harm in lager when it moveth itself aright. Now I learned that he believed in a local government that fitted most naturally and comfortably the local shoulders. He was not a sumptuary, and did not think to tell people how to spend either their days or their dollars. This led to certain philosophical reflections. In Boston, in an hour of Endicott and Mather, they would have clapped the lenient Mr. Becker into the stocks. In Milwaukee they have sent him to the City Hall and made a mayor of him. Mr. Becker sees no harm in a brewery, but regards it—in moderation—as a pillar of society. Wherefore, Milwaukee loves him. This liberality on Mr. Becker's part is related not so much to any moral breadth as to a genius for the congruous.

At the Milwaukee station I found no cabs. There was a huge bus; and, since I was the only passenger, I put my feet on the seat and rode to the City Hall in great splendor. The streets of the town are cleaner and better paved, with everywhere a more solvent look than in—for example—Chicago. The latter municipality, as I learned from her chief law-officer, is running on the monetary schedule of 1873—just one-third of a century behind the times, poor thing! Which is the reason she looks so shabby and unkempt. Also it explains why Chicago costs but one-half as much as New York—a fact which lately gave several New York dailies hysterics.

Arriving at the City Hall, I found Mr. Becker in his office—or rather, he was in the large rear room of his suite, taking a satisfied survey of a multitude of coats and waistcoats and trousers wherewith the floor was littered.

"Morgue?" said I, thinking mayhap we were in some ante-chamber of that gruesome department.

The "Leaders" Fell into the Common Error of Supposing that Any Boy Who Inherits a Million Dollars is a Fool

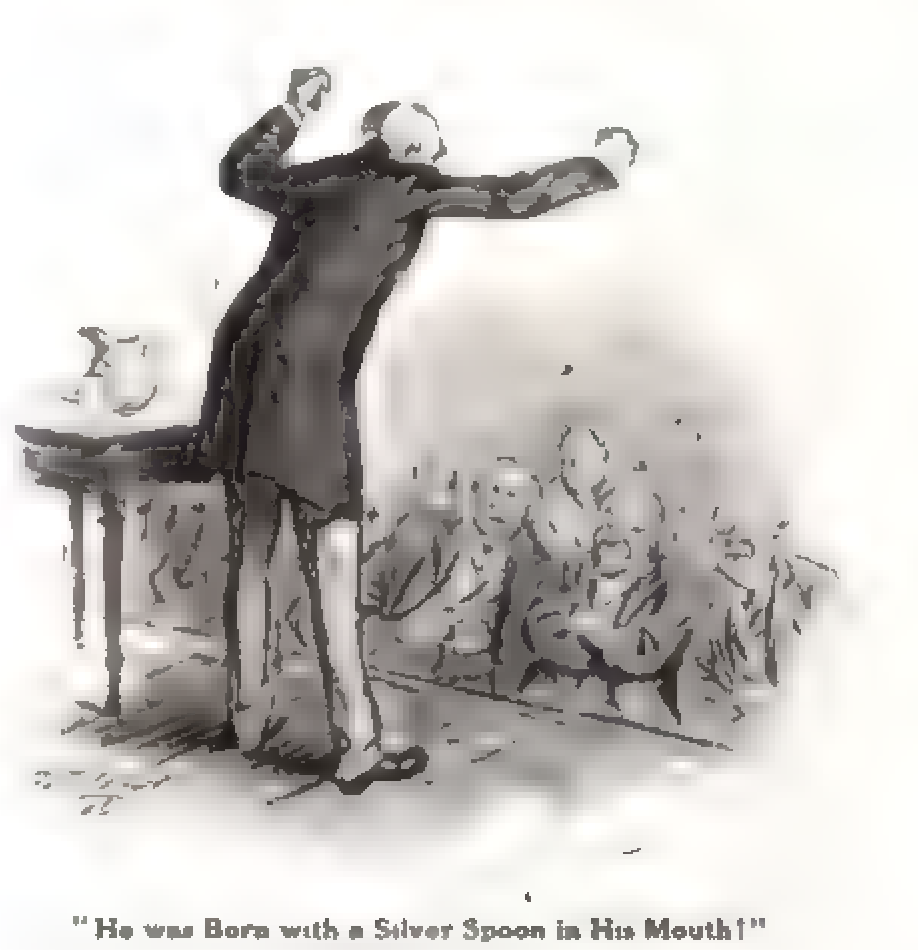
No, it was not the morgue. What lay before me was a portion of the cast-off wardrobe of Mr. Becker; it would go presently to the Little Sisters of the Poor. A janitorish-seeming person came in and ran a hawklike eye over the array. Then he picked up a coat, waistcoat and trousers, and vanished with the observation that "it would do him." Mr. Becker made no opposition to this rapine.

We adjourned to the outer room. Bearing in mind that here before me was one of the successful rich young men of the day, I trained my curiosity accordingly. Mr. Becker was frankly ready to talk. Said he:

"There has grown up a class known as 'the idle rich.' This includes an army of rich young men who devote their time wholly to pleasure. They produce nothing. They live, and that is all. But there has been an awakening among this class. Some of them have begun to feel the insignificant positions they occupy on earth. And they have determined to go to work. There is no reason why people should not be rich; but every man, no matter how rich, should be a producer. The young man who devotes his day to pleasure is sure to be an old man before his time."

"You believe in work?" I interjected.

"The man who tries to live without working is a bad example and a menace to society. It is not a kind father who brings up his son in idleness. There are, among my acquaintanceship, many educated, honorable young men who pride themselves that they have never earned a dollar. I do not wish to be understood as advocating, as a cure-all for this evil, a recourse to the digging of ditches, plowing on a farm or firing a locomotive, although such a course of treatment would be effective in many cases. What I mean is that every young man should devote a share of his time to some occupation, whether it bring him money or not. If he has all the money he needs, let him give his services to some charitable calling. There is a field for work of this kind."



"He was Born with a Silver Spoon in His Mouth!" Cried Mr. Rose

"Let us go back to the rich young man," I suggested.

"The rich young man has great opportunities in all the honorable professions—the church, medicine, the law, the newspaper office, literature, art. If he will identify himself with any one of these he will be producing something, and will be a working-man in every sense that the word implies. The man who shovels in the street, or plows in the field, is not the only producer, and he is not the only man who toils."

"How about the rich young man in politics?"

"It is within the power of the rich young man to do his country a service. He is not handicapped with poverty, and, therefore, is not tempted to be a grafter while in office. His ambition should not be to make money, but a name for himself. I do not say that the rich young man is always honest, or the poor young man dishonest. What I am trying to do is show that there is a place for the idle rich young man, and to mention the things that should recommend him."

"What is your advice to a rich young man who is seeking office or holding office?"

"If I am to give the young man contemplating a public career advice, based upon my own experience of nearly five years of public office, I should say: First, make up your mind to be honest and fair. Work nine-tenths of the time, and then work the other tenth. Work is the best thing for every young man; idleness breeds dishonesty and

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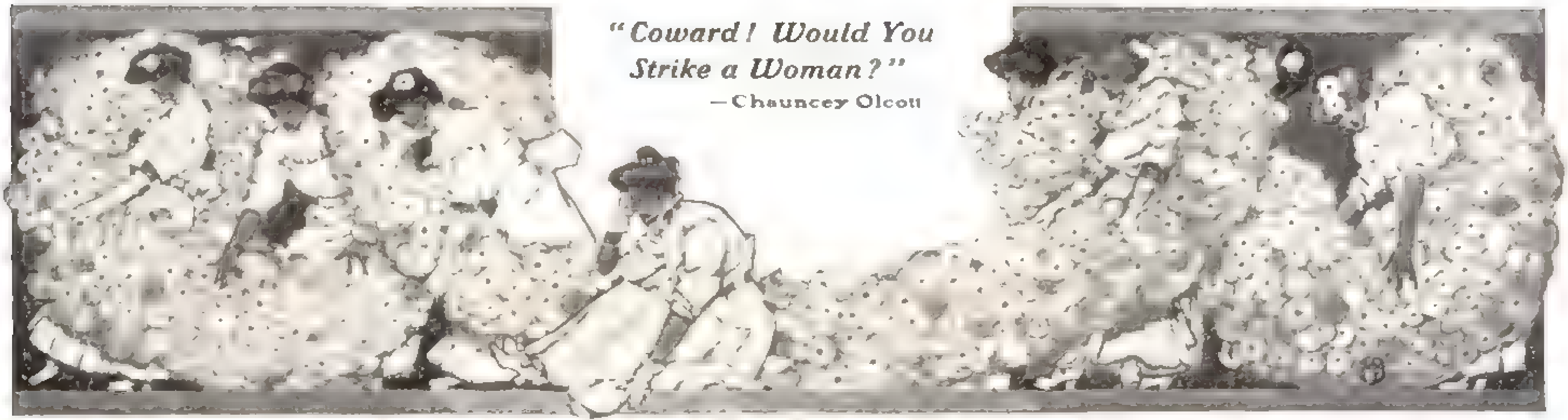
The Shame of the Colleges



"Coward! Would You Strike a Woman?"
—Chauncey Olcott

The Famous "Daisy Chain"

Vassar: Delicious but Dyspeptic

BY WALLACE IRWIN

King of the Mountains

IMAGINE Mr. Howard Chandler Christy sitting in the guise of Prosecutor Charles Hughes over the case of one thousand of his peachiest portraits! There on white paper before the stern Judge cower the shirt-waisted Dianas, tears gleaming in their crayon eyes, their pretty pink mouths drooping to the supplication: "Howard, have mercy!" But mercy is there none in the soul of the gentlemanly Prosecutor, though his manly heart be torn with anguish—there has been a national Wife Insurance Scandal and the public must have the Facts!

Turn now, supple reader, and imagine me (ever madly fond) as I stood at the gate of Vassar with the sweet, beseeching orbs of the entire college gazing on me. They had scented my coming from afar and had tidied up the place, hidden the evidences of their crimes, swept a litter of cake-crumbs and candy-boxes behind their Alma Mater, who stood forth like an alabaster statue, their only chaperon.

"My dear girls," I said, "every conscientious Reformer is aware of pain as well as pleasure. The path of the Muck-rake runs not only through the briers and stones and disagreeable bogs and quags; it scratches occasionally through a lovely bed of daisies and lady-slippers and forget-me-nots, uprooting the fragile maidenhair fern and breaking the fluttering columbine. But beneath the fragrant flowers lie the Facts which writhe, too often, like naughty, ugly angle-worms, necessary, but unpretty to look upon. The mill of the gods rakes slowly, but it rakes exceeding fine."

It is useless to try and make the Vassar girls talk by offering them candy. This has been tried before and has met with little success. Charm of manner, repartee, go for naught with them. Though gentle and trusting when tamed, they are exceedingly difficult of approach at first, and will fly in a panic to cover no matter how silently you come upon them. One may be ever so original in his wiles, only to be met with a shy rebuff. Stop a lovely Senior on her way to Rockefeller Hall and inquire: "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" And she will answer: "I dare say not. Girls like me don't stay at home." Then she will pass coldly on. "Does feminine intellect pay?" you may ask, stung by the rebuff.

"The Hen is Mightier

Mehitabel Sullivan Scott
When she journeyed from Vassar to stay
Looked calmly around
O'er the practical ground
And asked in a logical way,
"Does feminine intellect pay?"
But, being a maiden of mind,
She started, in humbleness frank,
Doing odd jobs and chores
For confectioners' stores
Till her salary grew,
And the first thing she knew
She rose to responsible rank
And they made her cashier of a bank.

O say, little birdie, O say!
Does feminine intellect pay?
Can a maiden so frail
Compete with the Male
In practical work of the day?

And while at her desk as cashier
A burglar named Horrible Hank
Walked into the place
With a mask on his face
Intent upon robbing the bank.
(His criminal record was dank.)
But, ere he could call for his pals,
The maiden seized Hank by a limb,
And, by using jiu-jits',
Soon reduced him to bits,
Then, spite of his squeals,
Hung him up by the heels
(A trick she had learned in the gym.),
And that was the finish of him.

O say, li'tle birdie, O say!
Does feminine intellect pay?
Is it true that she can
Not compete with a man
In the strenuous things of the day?

So, because of her coolness and nerve,
To the President's son she was wed.
She was easily boss,
For when he was cross
She spanked him and sent him to bed.
(He was proud of her muscle, he said.)
And seventeen children she had
Who grew to be hearty and hale.
Some went to Vass-ar,
And some to Bryn Mawr
To carry the fame
Of the family name.
(But some, who were hopelessly Male,
Were silently packed off to Yale.)

O say, li'tle birdie, O say!
Does feminine intellect pay?
Has a maiden a mind
Of the practical kind
In the difficult tasks of the day?

How to get acquainted then? That was the question which confronted, almost baffled, me at Vassar. At Yale it is a simple matter of tagging a man on the back and saying: "Hullo, Bill!" At Princeton all you have to do is to march up and down Brokaw Field singing "Old Nas-sau" to have half the University clamoring to be introduced. But none of these childishly simple devices seemed to work at Vassar, which stands between the Chaperon and the Deep Blue Sea. Then I recalled a beautiful Senior who had once known slightly a friend who was quite chummy with an acquaintance of my third cousin's. For this beautiful Senior I inquired.

"Hush!" said my informant breathlessly. "She is the most popular girl in her class."

I repaired to the Senior reception-room and sent up my card. No, she was not in, I was told, but she was momentarily expected to return from a lecture. Her common or garden name was Edith Vandervleevoort Jones, which had been abbreviated to "Poppy" to celebrate her virtues as a successful popular idol. At the dormitory steps, half a dozen anxious Freshmen were also waiting, laden with violets, themselves a bouquet more charming

"I wonder what makes Poppy so late," said one. "I'm getting dreadfully anxious about her."

"She has that dreadful chemistry examination," said another, "and the poor thing said she had a headache this morning!"

"And I'm so afraid these flowers will wilt!" chimed a third.

"And they match her dress, too!" lamented a semi-chorus. "But o-o-o-oh, look! Here she comes!"

Adown the dappled walk there threaded the regal procession. Maidens in blue bearing books—Poppy's books; maidens in pink carrying gloves, wraps and parasols—Poppy's impedimenta; then came Poppy with half a dozen ladies-in-waiting twined about her waist. She wore lavender and white, and the shadows in her wavy pompadour would have inflated the income of a prosperous illustrator.

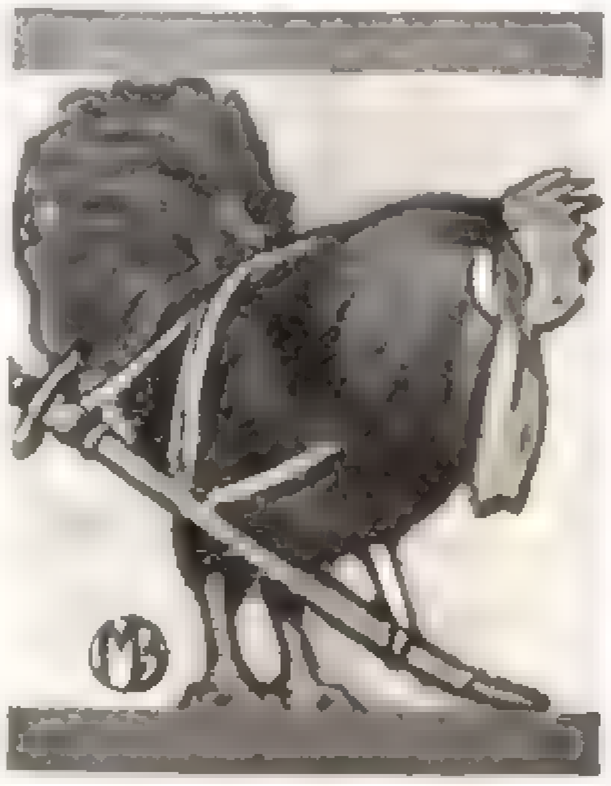
The maidens at the dormitory entrance showered her with blossoms and lifted up a cooing as of doves: "Oh, Poppy!"

"You're a per-fect dear!"

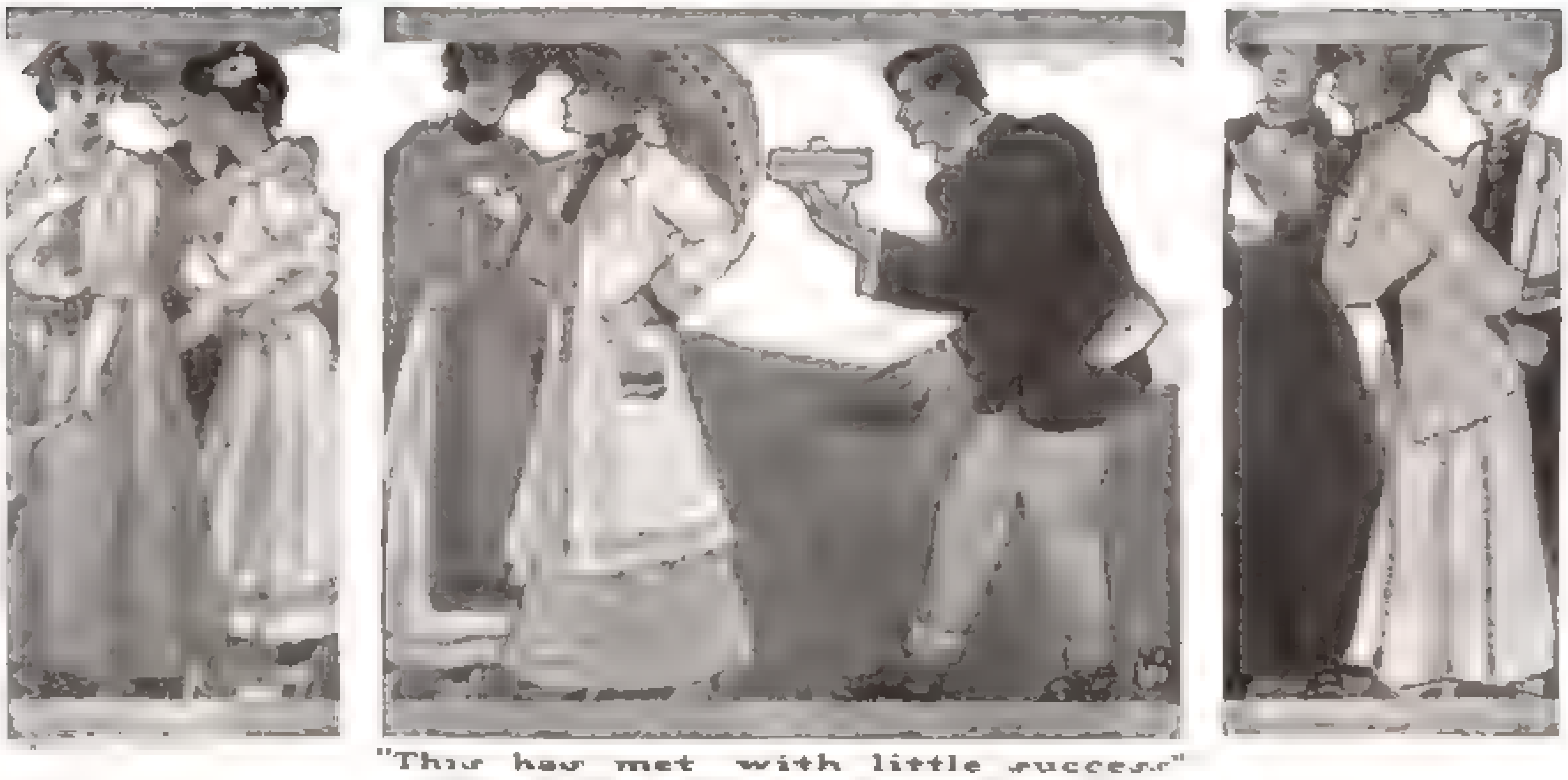
"Too sweet for words!"

And the most popular girl in the class passed in with her retinue.

"The class president, or captain of the basket-ball team?" I inquired of an auburn Junior.



than her lord"



"This has met with little success"

"No," she answered. "Poppy is nothing in particular. She's—well, just popular."

"But why?" I insisted.

"Merely because she's Edith Vandervleevoort Jones, I suppose. Her talents are quite even—evenly poor. She can't study, because it makes her eyes red; she hates conversation, because it gives her a headache. Last year she thought she'd try for the varsity basket-ball team until she found that the rough play would be apt to interfere with the cold cream which she rubbed on her nose to prevent sunburn. Then she went in for theatricals. All the 'pretty' parts were full in the Third Hall play, so she accepted the part of a Bandit Chief—wore a heavy black beard and patent-leather boots, just too fierce for anything. At her entrance in the second act she was supposed to advance down stage, fold her arms and thunder: 'I am the King of the Mountain. What do I fear?' On the night of the performance she got as far as 'What do I fear?' when a caterpillar crawled over her boot and she screamed, fainted and broke up the show.

"Then Poppy got literary, and devoted a great deal of her time to a course in English Essayists. We all began to fear that at last Poppy had found something she could do—until toward the end of the semester, when the instructor told the class to write an essay on Style. Poppy didn't give any Welsh-rabbit parties for a week and her popularity began to go down dreadfully. Every night the 'Engaged' sign was up on her door and she was at her desk chewing a pencil and writing her essay on Style. When she handed it in it made a great hit with the girls, but the instructor didn't seem to understand it, for it began:

"'Hats will be worn small and flat again this year, having tiny crowns and trimmed with plumes and wings. They will be well tilted to the front as formerly. Many new, imported pastel shades are to be seen in gowns, most of which are in imitation of those worn by Mrs. Van Gilt at the Horse Show. The popular Princesse style, with some slight revisions, will again prevail, full in the skirt and deeply shirred at waist and hips!' . . .

"After this we decided that there was only one line at which Poppy could succeed. So we went to work and made her popular. And she's been such a grand hit at that that she has to sit up nearly all night being adored. She belongs to six supper-clubs which meet in various girls' rooms every night for refreshments—the 'Nine Noiseless Nibblers,' the 'Chocolate-Cake Coterie,' the 'Chafing-Dish Chaffers,' the 'Eight Eaters,' the 'Taka Bita Pi' and the 'Three Chocolateers.' Poppy's popularity involves all sorts of soft snaps. Nearly everybody considers it a privilege to wait on her. The Freshmen darn her stockings, write her notes for her and tack pictures up on her walls; the Sophomores read to her and attend to sending her laundry away; the Juniors give her chafing-dish suppers and teas. Last week she was engaged to two or three Senior girls' brothers, and Heaven only knows how many she has on the string."

"But," I gasped, "do you mean to say that you have put her on a pedestal, that you adore her in crowds, watch over her, slave for her, for merely negative reasons?"

"Hist!" said the auburn Junior mysteriously. "I don't know, but I have a theory all my own. I think it must be the way she does her hair."

With my faith in the destiny of woman's higher education thus rudely shattered, I rested for a moment near an open window of Main, from which floated the clear tones of a musical Freshman, who seemed to be practicing the class hymn:

"Oh, Martha's back from Vassar,"
Said Farmer James McCassar:
"O Martha, come into the house and mix
a batch of bread."
But Martha's accents fluttered
As she murmured, as she stuttered:
"I have studied the satanic
Ways of bacilli organic,
And it throws me in a panic, Pa, to mix a
batch of bread."

Chorus:

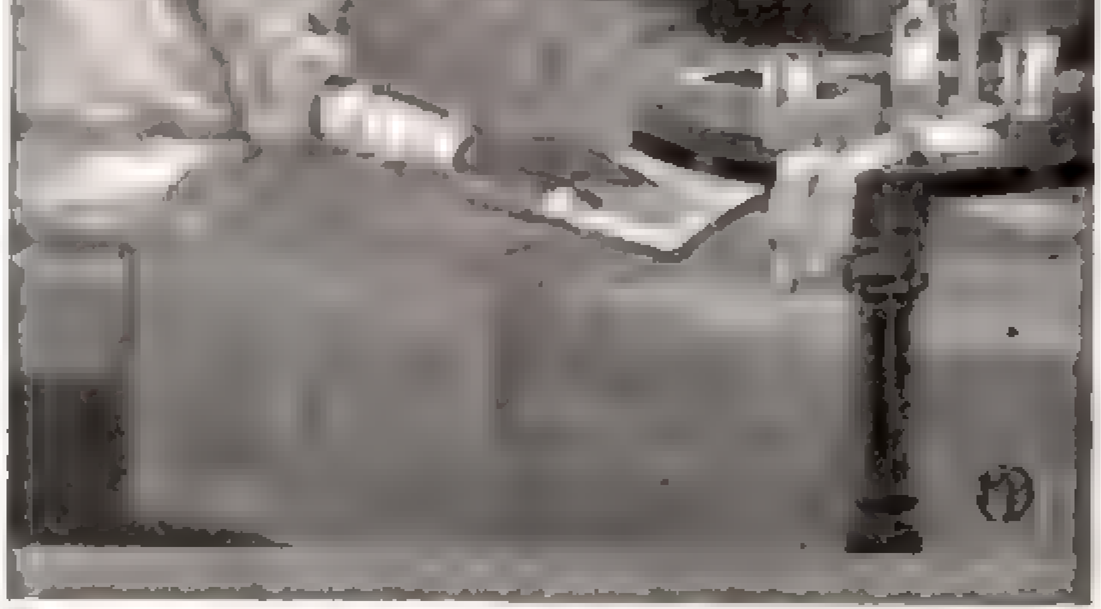
At Vassar-oh, at Vassar-oh,
That's what we learn at Vassar!
We love our Alma Mater so
We do not like to sass 'er.
We have a superstition
That for female erudition
There's nothing like the damsel with the
dear old Vassar V.

"Oh, Martha's back from Vassar,"
Said Farmer James McCassar:
"O Martha, go out to the barn and milk
the brindle cow."
But Martha cried: "Oh, bother!"
As she faced her poor old father,
"With golf I love to tussle
And with basket-ball to hustle—
But I haven't got the muscle to subdue
the brindle cow."
Chorus: At Vassar-oh, at Vassar-oh, etc.

"Oh, Martha's home from Vassar!"
Cried the angry James McCassar:
"O Martha, take yer study-books and don't
come home no more!"
So the maiden in contrition
Got a typist-girl's position,
Wed a millionaire named Harris
Who, lest poverty embarrass,
Made his wife a millionairess. And she's
ne'er been heard of more.

Chorus:

At Vassar-oh, at Vassar-oh,
That's what we learn at Vassar!
We love our Alma Mater so
We do not like to sass 'er.
Learning's road is rough and stony;
But for golden matrimony
There's nothing like the maiden with
the dear old Vassar V.



"Dearest—how beautiful you are"

Let us turn our discreet attention to the history of Vassar. Knowledge, I have understood, should be founded on a rock. Vassar is founded on a brewery! Poughkeepsie shakes hands with Milwaukee, both cities having become famous through—let me say it in parentheses (beer). Old Matthew Vassar dealt in hops so successfully that they gained for him an undying crown of laurel. The essence of his life, they say, was beer, the froth of which was Vassar. The college was born in 1861, a few months before Abraham Lincoln emancipated the less-deserving slaves.

Vassar, though strenuous, has ever striven to remain strictly feminine. The Self-Governing Committee has made rules for this. Girls winning athletic honors may wear the V on their sweaters, but they may not wear them (the sweaters) to formal dinners or dances. Evening gowns cut V-shape at the throat are allowable, however, at these functions. Young ladies must not run after wagons passing the campus, or throw olive-jars or candy-boxes at automobiles. Otherwise great personal liberty seems to prevail—especially as to piano-playing. Every room in each dormitory seems to be supplied with from one to five pianos. The combined tones of a half-thousand pianos simultaneously playing as many excellent tunes, ranging in quality from extremely sacred to excessively profane, is a characteristic and pretty sound at Vassar during calm winter mornings.

The architects of Vassar seem to have succeeded very well in incorporating a fine, feminine sentiment into the general building scheme. The library, for instance, is an especially fetching creation of light Alice-blue sandstone trimmed with real Irish point lace cornices. It is cut somewhat décolleté around the windows, which are deeply embroidered with stained glass. It has several rows of ruffles around the base, and its elaborate clusters of spires give a stunning Gothic millinery effect which is exceedingly modish. And Professor Rockefeller (who has been here, too) has contributed a $100,000 Recitation Hall of chocolate bricks decorated with cream-colored charlotte russe.

Did the Great Oiler intend it as a solemn joke when he endowed that beautiful monument of chocolate brick? For the college of Vassar must stand as an awful example of what the Chocolate Trust is doing for the fairest buds of our civilization. They (the buds) do not eat it—they absorb it. Like the ancient Aztecs who trained on the *chocolatl* bean before going forth to contests of great strength, the Vassar girl nibbles and nibbles, then is off for the mad excitements of cinder-path and basket. At infinite risk of being torn to pieces, I smuggled the following bill-of-fare from the Vassar training-table:

BREAKFAST
Instantaneous Cocoa
Chocolate Cake
Bonbons

LUNCHEON
Instantaneous Cocoa
Olives
Chocolate Caramels
Chocolate Wafers

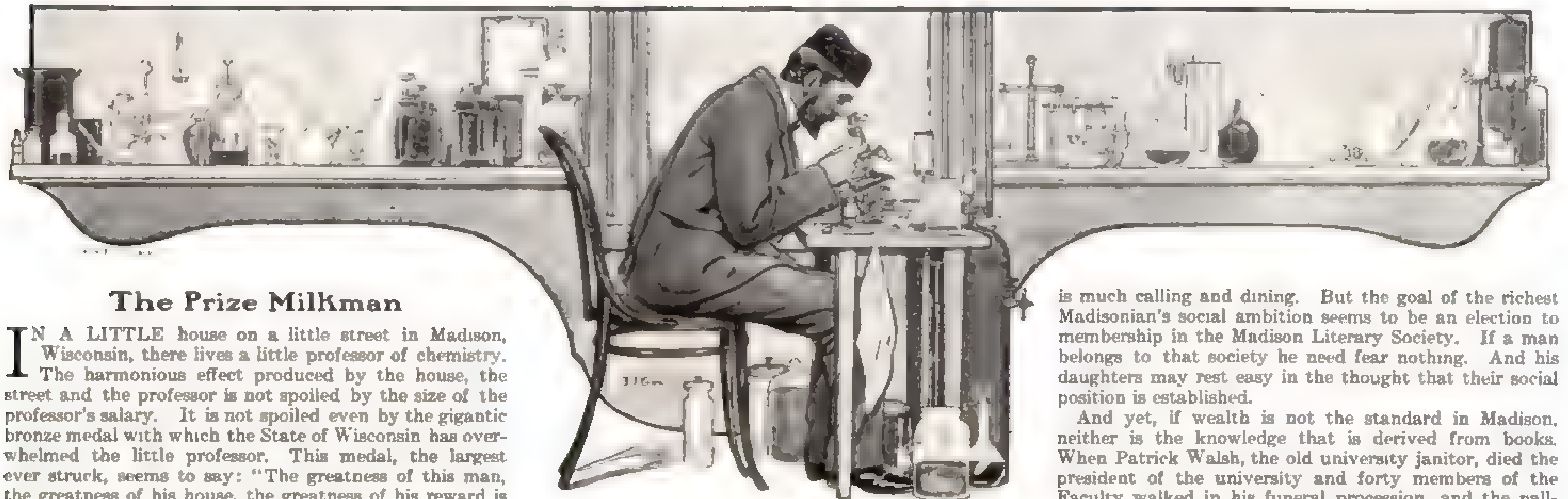
DINNER
Instantaneous Cocoa
Chocolate Cake
Mixed Chocolates
Pickles
Glacé Fruit

It was under the injudicious excitement of such stimulant that Vassar, some years ago, secretly organized a 'varsity crew. After defeating successively Smith, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, the Poughkeepsie girls went into frenzied athletics and challenged Yale, Harvard and Cornell to meet them in a grand regatta. On account of the sensational nature of the event, the yellow press refused to print the news, and the race was pulled off quietly on the Poughkeepsie course with something less than 100,000 persons as spectators. During the first half-mile Yale and Cornell dropped behind and the race was between

(Continued on Page 29)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The Prize Milkman

IN A LITTLE house on a little street in Madison, Wisconsin, there lives a little professor of chemistry. The harmonious effect produced by the house, the street and the professor is not spoiled by the size of the professor's salary. It is not spoiled even by the gigantic bronze medal with which the State of Wisconsin has overwhelmed the little professor. This medal, the largest ever struck, seems to say: "The greatness of this man, the greatness of his house, the greatness of his reward is not here. It is in the Commonwealth."

Yet Professor Babcock, more than most scientists, could appropriately have entered into a commercial reward. His work has been commercial as truly as it has been scientific. One little invention of his, a circle of bottles hanging from a metal ring, has added a million dollars a year to the wealth of Wisconsin and many millions a year to the wealth of the world.

In return, the little professor has his annual salary of $3000, his bronze medal from his State, an array of Grand Prizes from World's Fairs, an album from the dairymen of New Zealand, and an oil painting from the stock-farmers of Australia.

"I don't know much about oil paintings," said Professor Babcock with an air of quiet satisfaction, "but this one from Australia is quite large."

A few years ago it was announced in the newspapers that Professor Babcock had upset the atomic theory. This announcement was unauthorized, inaccurate, improper and humiliating—both to the atomic theory and to Professor Babcock. It is true that Professor Babcock spends part of his time cross-examining the atomic theory and investigating the ultimate constitution of matter. But this is only his recreation, just as some busy men play cribbage in the evening. His real work is milk.

It was while working at milk that Professor Babcock made his revolutionary invention of the circle of bottles hanging from the metal ring. When he graduated from Tufts College, in 1866, he was interested in milk. When he studied in Germany, at Göttingen, he prepared himself to understand the chemistry of milk. When he came back to this country to teach at Cornell he renewed his attacks on milk. And for the last eighteen years, in the quiet air of Madison, he has been bringing his scientific attainments to bear on butter, cheese, casein, whey, curds—milk. The atomic theory gets a daily reprieve till Professor Babcock finishes up his day's work on the lacteal part of the world's food.

The circle of bottles hanging from the metal ring is called the Babcock Milk Test. It produced the creameries of Wisconsin. It put the milk, cream and butter business of the world on a new commercial basis.

Before the Babcock Test was invented it was commercially impossible to discover the real value of the milk offered for sale by the farmer. It might look thick: in that case it might contain either a great deal of cream or a small quantity of chalk. It might look thin: in that case it might either be scientifically perfect, despite its appearance, or else it might be copiously diluted with water. The only course that the creameries could pursue was to shut their eyes and buy the milk on the basis of how large an amount of air it could displace in a can.

But this policy of simply measuring the milk was enormously advantageous to the farmer who was skilled at administering the water-cure, and it was correspondingly disadvantageous to the farmer whose conscience would not let him use the pump. The upshot of it all was that honest farmers did not like to go to the creameries and the creameries could not get good milk—and the whole milk, cream and butter business fell back to the primitive stage in which the milk was skimmed and the cream churned on the farm.

At this point Professor Babcock entered. He took a little sample of milk from each can brought by the farmer to the creamery. He treated this little sample with concentrated sulphuric acid. In this way he jogged the fats loose from the rest of the milk. Then he put the sample into one of the bottles hanging from the metal ring. All the other bottles were filled in the same way. A complete load having been secured, the metal ring with the bottles on it was made to revolve with great rapidity under the influence either of the human hand, or else of steam, or else of electricity.

Impelled by this centrifugal motion, the bottles strained at their necks, which were held in the ring, and flung their tails out almost horizontally, as they whirled around in their circle. The consequence was that the heavy part of the milk gathered at one end of the bottle and the light part at the other. In five minutes the test was accomplished, and on each bottle there could be read, by means of a gauge, the number of pounds of fat for every hundred pounds of milk in the can from which the sample was taken.

There was an immediate ethical advance in farm life. The Babcock Test moved the punishment for adulteration over to this side of the River Jordan. The corporate or coöperative method of managing the milk, cream and butter business became possible. Creameries were established. Milk was sold to central stations. New conveniences, new economies, new facilities were introduced. The day of system, the day of big things, began. Everything grew big except Professor Babcock, his little house and his little salary.

"Did you ever get out any patents on any of your inventions?" This is the question put to Professor Babcock by hundreds of visitors.

The little man, with his plain clothes, his gentle, darkish, young robin's eyes, and his stubbly, half-fledged beard, always chuckles complacently, in apparent appreciation of his worldly wisdom, as he replies:

"No, I never did. I never was anything of a patent fiend."

That's all. There is never any sermon on the indelicacy that there would be in using the experimental facilities of the State in order to produce an invention for private gain. There is never any word about being too much interested in scientific research to care to be diverted by commercial activities. Professor Babcock's friends know his feelings on this subject. But a visitor might fish for a week without learning anything except that Professor Babcock is not a patent fiend.

If he had been a patent fiend he would to-day be a man of immense wealth. But, after all, the thing that a man most wants is the esteem of his neighbors. And getting money does not secure esteem in Madison. There is wealth in Madison. There are beautiful houses. There is much calling and dining. But the goal of the richest Madisonian's social ambition seems to be an election to membership in the Madison Literary Society. If a man belongs to that society he need fear nothing. And his daughters may rest easy in the thought that their social position is established.

And yet, if wealth is not the standard in Madison, neither is the knowledge that is derived from books. When Patrick Walsh, the old university janitor, died the president of the university and forty members of the Faculty walked in his funeral procession, and the pall-bearers were Professors Birge, Gregory, Parkinson, Daniells, Williams and Mr. E. F. Riley, the secretary of the Board of Regents.

In such a town Professor Babcock is esteemed as highly as if, instead of creating new wealth, he had chopped off large chunks of the wealth that was already in existence and had piled them up in his back yard. So every morning Professor Babcock leaves his little home and climbs up to the big Agricultural Building which, from the summit of a series of terraces, overlooks three of Madison's four lakes and stares conspicuously, across shaded drives, at the opposite eminence of University Heights. Here, in the chemical laboratory, Professor Babcock continues the experiments of which the Babcock Milk Test is only one result.

Among the other results there may be picked out, for special notice, the discovery of galactase. Galactase is a ferment existing in milk. It has always existed there, but it wasn't detected and dragged to the light till Professor Babcock and his colleague, Doctor Russell, ran it down. It had been supposed up to that time that the ripening of cheese was due entirely to bacteria.

Many persons were comforted on being informed by Professor Babcock and Doctor Russell that the real and original cause of the ripening was a normal and decent substance present in all milk even before being drawn from the cow.

And observe the commercial consequences. Instead of keeping cheese at a high temperature in the cheese-factories in order to give the bacteria a chance to work, it is now possible for the Cheddar and Swiss cheese-makers of Wisconsin to keep their product at a low temperature during the ripening process and thereby give it a milder and more delicate flavor.

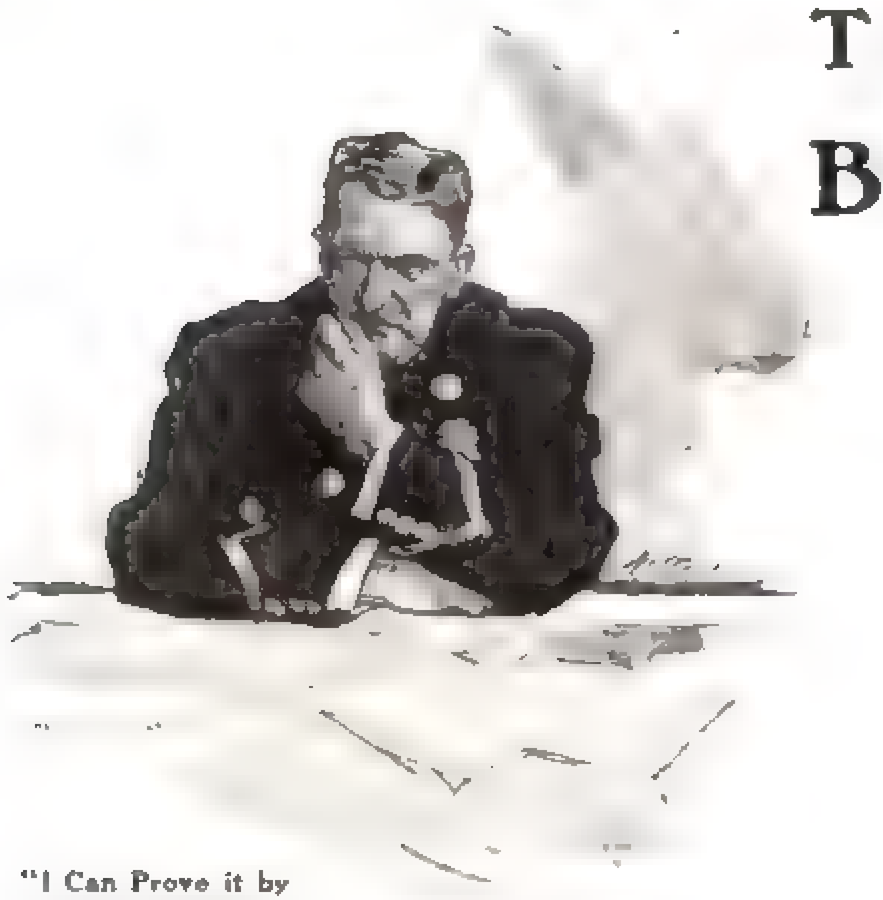
Under the wing of the Agricultural Building stands the university creamery. Beyond the university creamery stretch the fields devoted to the university cows. The health of those cows, the kind of food they eat, the kind of milk they give, will occupy a large part of the old age of "the professor who might have been a millionaire." In the last annual report issued from the Agricultural Building, we learn, in a paper by Professor Babcock, that Ella, Dora, Daisy and Lizzie—all Guernseys—were allowed to have salt in alternate months, and that their pasture-mates, Rose, Duchess, May and Nan, were not allowed to have any salt at all. We then learn what happened to all of them in consequence: whether they gained in weight or lost, and what their hides looked like at the end of a year.

And when the cows have been given their salt, or have been sternly excluded from it, there is the laboratory in which the instruments all stand ready to carry the professor another step forward toward the edge of the eternal secret: "How is matter organized?"

The Chase of the Golden Plate

The Thinking Machine

BY JACQUES FUTRELLE



"I Can Prove it by Twenty Witnesses"

IV

"BUT Mr. Herbert won't see any one, sir," protested Blair.

"Tell Mr. Herbert, please, that unless I can see him immediately his bail-bond will be withdrawn," directed The Thinking Machine.

He stood waiting in the hall while Blair went up the stairs. Dick Herbert took the card impatiently and glanced at it.

"Van Dusen," he mused. "Who the deuce is Van Dusen?"

Blair repeated the message he had received below.

"What does he look like?" inquired Dick.

"He's a shriveled little man with a big yellow head, sir," replied Blair.

"Let him come up," instructed Dick.

Thus, within an hour after he had talked to Mr. Meredith, The Thinking Machine met Dick Herbert.

"What's this about the bail-bond?" Dick inquired.

"I wanted to talk to you," was the scientist's calm reply. "That seemed to be the easiest way to make you believe it was important, so——"

Dick's face flushed crimson at the trick

"Well, you see me!" be broke out angrily "I ought to throw you down the stairs, but—what is it?"

Not having been invited to a seat, The Thinking Machine took one anyway and settled himself comfortably.

"If you will listen to me for a moment without interruption," he began testily, "I think the subject of my remarks will be of deep, personal concern to you. I am interested in solving this Randolph plate affair and have perhaps gone further in my investigation than any one else. At least, I know more about it. There are some things I don't happen to know, however, that are of the greatest importance."

"I tell you——" stormed Dick.

"For instance," calmly resumed the scientist, "it is very important for me to know whether or not Harry Meredith was masked when he came into this room last Thursday night."

Dick gazed at him in surprise which approached awe. His eyes were widely distended, the lower part of his face lax, for the instant; then his white teeth closed with a snap and he sat down opposite The Thinking Machine. Anger had gone from his manner; instead there was a pallor of apprehension in the clean-cut face.

"Who are you, Mr. Van Dusen?" he asked at last. His tone was mild, even deferential.

"Was he masked?" insisted the scientist.

For a long while Dick was silent. Finally he arose and paced nervously back and forth across the room, glancing at the diminutive figure of The Thinking Machine each time as he turned.

"I won't say anything," he decided.

"Will you name the cause of the trouble you and Meredith had at Harvard?" asked the scientist.

Again there was a long pause.

"No," Dick said finally.

"Did it have anything to do with theft?"

"I don't know who you are or why you are prying into an affair that, at least on its face, does not concern you," replied Dick. "I'll say nothing at all—unless—unless you produce the one man who can and shall explain this affair. Produce him here in this room where I can get my hands on him!"

The Thinking Machine squinted at the sturdy shoulders with admiration in his face.

"Did it ever happen to occur to you, Mr. Herbert, that Harry Meredith and his father are precisely of the same build?"

Some nameless, impalpable expression crept into Dick's face despite an apparent fight to restrain it, and again he stared at the small man in the chair

"And that you and Mr. Meredith are practically of the same build?"

Tormented by unasked questions and by those emotions which had compelled him to silence all along, Dick still paced back and forth. His head was whirling. The structure which he had so carefully guarded was tumbling about his ears. Suddenly he stopped and turned upon The Thinking Machine.

"Just what do you know of this affair?" he asked.

"I know for one thing," replied the scientist positively, "that you were *not* the man in the automobile."

"How do you know that?"

"That's beside the question just now."

"Do you know who *was* in the automobile?" Dick insisted

"I can only answer that question when you have answered mine," the scientist went on. "Was Harry Meredith masked when he entered this room last Thursday night?"

Dick sat staring down at his hands which were working nervously. Finally he nodded.

The Thinking Machine understood.

"You recognized him, then, by something he said or wore?"

Again Dick nodded reluctantly.

"Both," he added.

The Thinking Machine leaned back in his chair and sat there for a long time. At last he arose as if the interview were at an end. There seemed to be no other questions that he desired to ask at the moment.

"You need not be unnecessarily alarmed, Mr. Herbert," he assured Dick as he picked up his hat. "I shall act with discretion in this matter. I am not representing any one who would care to make it unpleasant for you. I may tell you that you made two serious mistakes: the first when you saw or communicated with Mr. Randolph immediately after the plate was stolen the second time, and again when you undertook something which properly belonged within the province of the police."

Herbert still sat with his head in his hands as The Thinking Machine went out.

It was very late that night—after twelve, in fact—when Hutchinson Hatch called on The Thinking Machine with excitement evident in tone, manner and act. He was accustomed to calling at any hour; now he found the scientist at work as if it were midday.

"The worst has happened," the reporter told him

The Thinking Machine didn't look around.

"Detective Mallory and two of his men saw Miss Meredith this evening about nine o'clock," Hatch hurried on, "and bullyragged her into a confession."

"What sort of a confession?"

"She admitted that she was in the automobile on the night of the ball and that——"

"Mr. Herbert was with her," the scientist supplied.

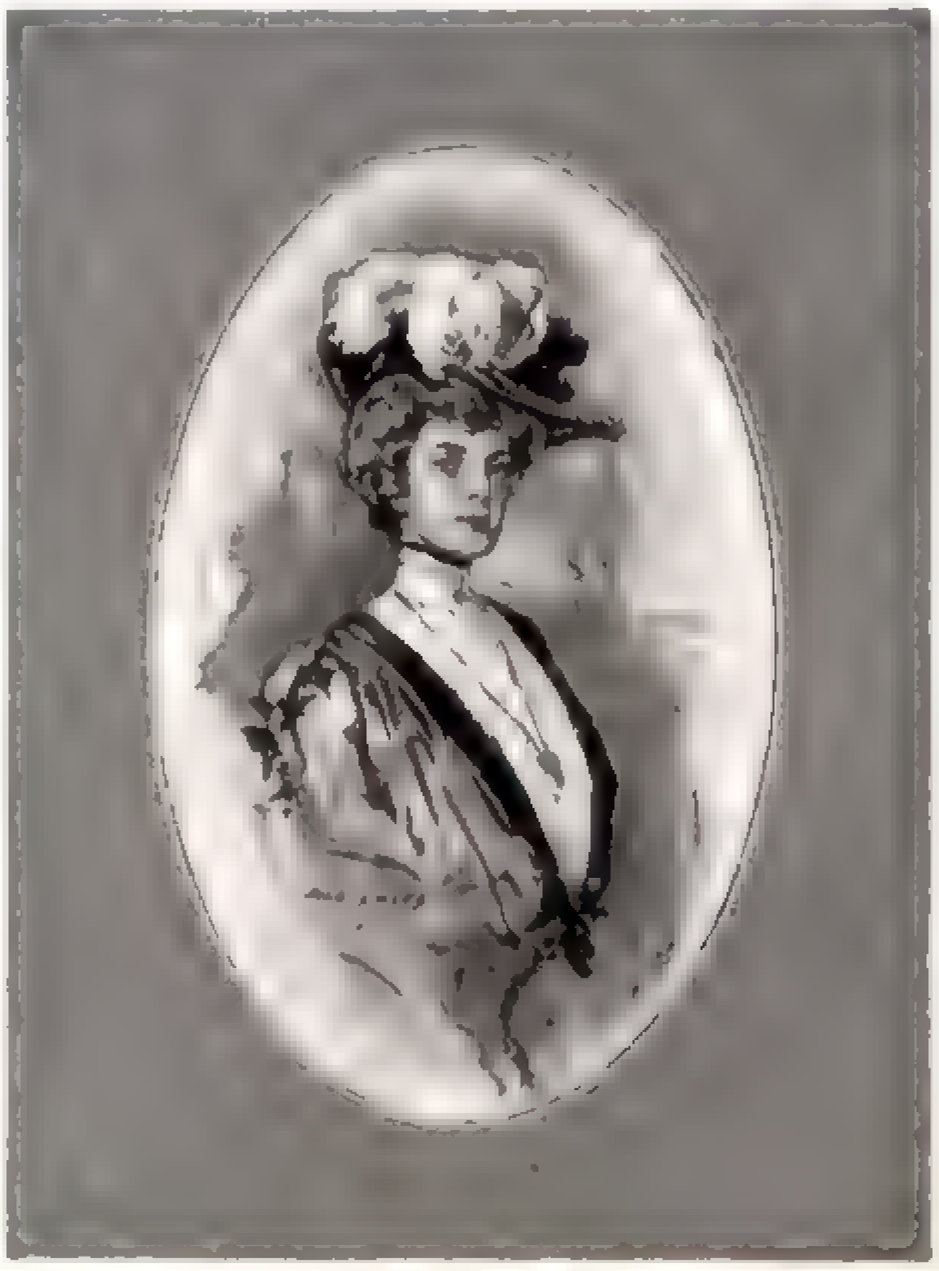
"Yes."

"And—what else?"

"That her own jewels, valued at twenty thousand dollars, were among those found in Herbert's possession when he was arrested."

The Thinking Machine turned and looked at the reporter, just casually, and raised his hand to his mouth to cover a yawn.

"Well, she couldn't do anything else," he said calmly.



Dollie Meredith

V

HUTCHINSON HATCH remained with The Thinking Machine for more than an hour, and when he left his head was spinning with the multitude of instructions which had been heaped upon him.

"Meet me at noon in Detective Mallory's office at police headquarters," The Thinking Machine had said in conclusion. "Mr. Randolph and Miss Meredith will be there."

"Miss Meredith?" Hatch repeated. "She hasn't been arrested, you know, and I doubt if she will come."

"She will come," the scientist had replied, as if that settled it.

Next day the Supreme Intelligence was sitting in his private office. He had eaten the canary; mingled triumph and gratification beamed upon his countenance. The smile remained, but to it was added the quality of curiosity when the door opened and The Thinking Machine, accompanied by Dollie Meredith and Stuyvesant Randolph, entered.

"Mr. Hatch called yet?" inquired the scientist.

"No," responded the detective.

"Dear me!" grumbled the other. "It's one minute after twelve o'clock now. What could have delayed him?"

His answer was the clattering rush of a cab and the appearance of Hatch in person a moment later. He came into the room headlong, glanced around, then paused.

"Did you get it?" inquired The Thinking Machine.

"Yes, I got it, but——" began the reporter.

"Nothing else now," commanded the other.

There was a little pause as The Thinking Machine selected a chair. The others also sat down.

"Well?" inquired the Supreme Intelligence at last.

"I would like to ask, Mr. Mallory," the scientist said, "if it would be possible for me to convince you of Mr. Herbert's innocence of the charges against him?"

"It would not," replied the detective promptly. "It would not while the facts are before me, supplemented by the statement of Miss Meredith here—her confession."

Dollie colored exquisitely and her lips trembled slightly.

"Would it be possible, Miss Meredith," the even voice went on, "to convince *you* of Mr. Herbert's innocence?"

"I—I don't think so," she faltered. "I—I *know*."

Tears which had been restrained with difficulty gushed forth suddenly and The Thinking Machine squinted at her in pained surprise.

"Don't do that," he commanded. "It's—it's exceedingly irritating." He paused a moment, then turned suddenly to Mr. Randolph: "And you?" he asked.

Mr. Randolph shrugged his shoulders.

The Thinking Machine receded still further into his chair and stared dreamily upward with his long, slender fingers pressed tip to tip. Hatch knew the attitude; something was going to happen. He waited anxiously. Detective Mallory knew it, too, and wriggled uncomfortably.

"Suppose," the scientist began, "just suppose that we turn a little human intelligence on this problem for a change and see if we can't get the truth out of the blundering muddle that the police have helped to bring about. Let's use logic, inevitable logic, to show, simply enough, that, instead of being guilty, Mr. Herbert is innocent."

Dollie Meredith suddenly leaned forward in her chair with flushed face, eyes widely opened and lips slightly parted. Detective Mallory also leaned forward in his chair, but there was a different expression on his face—oh, so different!

"Miss Meredith, we know you were in the automobile with the Burglar who stole the plate," The Thinking Machine went on.

"You probably knew that he was wounded and possibly either aided in dressing the wound—as any woman would or else saw him dress it himself?"

"I bound my handkerchief on it," replied the Girl. Her voice was low, almost a whisper.

"Where was the wound?"

"In the right shoulder," she replied.

"Back or front?" insisted the scientist.

"Back," she replied. "Very near the arm, an inch or so below the level of the shoulder."

Except for The Thinking Machine himself, Hatch was the only person in the room to whom this statement meant anything, and he restrained a shout with difficulty.

"Now, Mr. Mallory," the scientist went on calmly, "do you happen to know Dr. Clarence Walpole?"

"I know of him, yes," replied the detective. "He is a man of considerable reputation."

"Would you believe him under oath?"

"Why, certainly, of course."

The Supreme Intelligence tugged at his bristly mustache.

"If Doctor Walpole should dress a wound and should later, under oath, point out its exact location, you would believe him?"

"Why, I'd have to, of course."

"Very well," commented The Thinking Machine tersely. "Now I will state an incontrovertible scientific fact for your further enlightenment. You may verify it any way you choose. This is, briefly, that the blood corpuscles in man average one-thirty-three-hundredth of an inch in diameter. Remember that, please: one-thirty-three-hundredth of an inch. The system of measurement has reached a state of perfection almost incomprehensible to the man who does not understand."

He paused for so long that Detective Mallory began to wriggle again. The others were leaning forward, listening, with widely varied expressions on their faces.

"Now, Mr. Mallory," continued The Thinking Machine at last, "one of your men shot twice at the Burglar in the automobile, as I understand it?"

"Yes—two shots."

"Mr. Cunningham?"

"Yes, Detective Cunningham."

"Is he here now?"

The detective pressed a button on his desk and a uniformed man appeared. Instructions were given, and a moment later Detective Cunningham stood before them wonderingly.

"I suppose you can prove beyond any shadow of a doubt," resumed the scientist, still addressing Mr. Mallory, "that two shots—*and only two*—were fired?"

"I can prove it by twenty witnesses," was the reply.

"Good, very good," exclaimed the scientist, and he turned to Cunningham.

"You *know* that only two shots were fired?"

"I know it, yes," replied Cunningham. "I fired 'em."

"May I see your revolver?"

Cunningham produced the weapon and handed it over. The Thinking Machine merely glanced at it.

"This is the revolver you used?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then," remarked the scientist quietly, "on that statement alone Mr. Herbert is proven innocent of the charge against him."

There was an astonished gasp all around. Hatch was beginning to see what The Thinking Machine meant, and curiously watched the bewitchingly sorrowful face of Dollie Meredith. He saw all sorts of strange things there.

"Proven innocent?" snorted Detective Mallory. "Why, you've convicted him out of hand so far as I can see."

"Corpuscles in human blood average, as I said, one-thirty-three-hundredth of an inch in diameter," resumed the scientist. "They vary slightly each way, of course. Now, the corpuscles of the Burglar in the automobile measured just one-thirty-one-forty-seven-hundredth of an inch. Mr. Herbert's corpuscles, tested the same way with the same instruments, measure precisely one-thirty-five-sixty-hundredth." He stopped as if that were all.

"By George!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "By George!"

"That's all tommy-rot," Detective Mallory burst out. "That's nothing to a jury or to any other man with common-sense."

"That difference in measurement proves beyond question that Mr. Herbert was not wounded while in the automobile," went on The Thinking Machine as if there had been no interruption. "Now, Mr. Cunningham, may I ask if the Burglar's back was toward you when you fired?"

"Yes, I suppose so. He was going away from me."

"Well, that statement agrees with the statement of Miss Meredith to show that the Burglar was wounded in the back. Doctor Walpole dressed Mr. Herbert's wound between two and three o'clock Friday morning following the masked ball. Mr. Herbert had been shot, but the wound was in the *front* of his right shoulder."

Delighted amazement radiated from Dollie Meredith's face; she clapped her hands involuntarily as she would have applauded a stage incident. Detective Mallory started to say something, then thought better of it and glared at Cunningham instead.

"Now, Mr. Cunningham says that he shot the Burglar with this revolver." The Thinking Machine waved the weapon under Detective Mallory's nose. "This is the usual police weapon. Its calibre is thirty-eight. Mr. Herbert was shot with a *thirty-two* calibre. Here is the bullet." And he tossed it on the desk.

VI

STRANGE emotions all tangled up with turbulent, night-marish impressions scrambled through Dollie Meredith's pretty head in garish disorder. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Finally she compromised by blushing radiantly at the memory of certain lingering kisses she had bestowed upon—upon—Dick Herbert? No, it wasn't Dick Herbert. Oh, dear!

Detective Mallory pounced upon the bullet as a hound upon a hare, and turned and twisted it in his hands. Cunningham leaned over his shoulder, then drew a cartridge from the revolver and compared it, as to size, with the bullet. Hatch and Mr. Randolph, looking on, saw him shake his head. The ball was too small for the revolver.

The Supreme Intelligence turned suddenly, fiercely, upon Dollie and thrust an accusing finger into her startled face.

"Mr. Herbert confessed to you that he was with you in the automobile, didn't he?"

"Y-yes," she faltered.

"You *know* he was with you?"

"I thought I knew it."

"You wouldn't have gone with any other man?"

"Certainly not!" A blaze of indignation suffused her cheeks.

"Your casket of jewels was found among the stolen goods in his possession?"

"Yes, but ——"

With a wave of his hand the Supreme Intelligence stopped explanations and turned to glare at The Thinking Machine. That imperturbable gentleman did not alter his position in the slightest, nor did he change the steady, upward squint of his eyes.

"If you have quite finished, Mr. Mallory," he said after a moment, "I will explain how and in what circumstances the stolen plate and jewels came into Mr. Herbert's possession."

"Go on," urged Mr. Randolph and Hatch in a breath.

"Explain all you please; I've got him with the goods on," declared the Supreme Intelligence doggedly.

"When the simplest rules of logic establish a fact it becomes incontrovertible," resumed the scientist. "I have shown that Mr. Herbert was *not* the man in the automobile—the Burglar. Now, what *did* happen to Mr. Herbert? Twice since his arrest he has stated that it would be useless for him to explain, because no one would believe it, and no one *would* have believed it unsupported—least of all you, Mr. Mallory.

"It's an admitted fact that Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert had planned to elope from Seven Oaks the night of the ball. I dare say that Mr. Herbert did not deem it wise for Miss Meredith to know his costume, although he must, of necessity, have known hers. Therefore, the plan was for him to recognize her, but as it developed she recognized him—or thought she did—and that was the real cause of this remarkable muddle." He glanced at Dollie. "Is that correct?"

Dollie nodded blushingly.

"Now, Mr. Herbert did not go to the ball—why not I will explain later. Therefore, Miss Meredith recognized the real Burglar as Mr. Herbert, and we know how they ran away together after the Burglar had stolen the plate and various articles of jewelry. We must credit the Burglar with remarkable intelligence, so that when a young and attractive woman—I may say a beautiful woman—spoke to him as some one else he immediately saw an advantage in it. For instance, when there came discovery of the theft the girl might unwittingly throw the police off the track by revealing to them what she believed to be the identity of the thief. Further, he was a daring, audacious sort of person; the pure love of such an adventure might have appealed to him. Still, again, it is possible that he believed Miss Meredith a thief who was in peril of discovery or capture, and a natural gallantry for one of his own craft prompted him to act as he did. There is always, too, the possibility that he knew he was mistaken for Mr. Herbert."

Dollie was beginning to see, too.

"We know the method of escape, the pursuit and all that," continued the Professor, "therefore we jump to the return of the gold plate. Logic makes it instantly apparent that that was the work of Miss Meredith here. Not having the plate Mr. Herbert did not send it back, of course; and the Burglar *would* not have sent it back. Realizing, too late, that the man she was with was really a thief—and still believing him, perhaps, to be Mr. Herbert—she must have taken the plate and escaped under cover of darkness?"

The tone carried a question and The Thinking Machine turned squintingly upon Dollie. Again she nodded. She was enthralled, fascinated, by the recital.

"It was a simple matter for her to return the gold plate by express, taking advantage of an occupied house and the willingness of a stranger to telephone for an express wagon. Thus, we have the plate again at Seven Oaks, and we have it there by the only method it could have been returned there when we account for, and consider, every known fact."

The Thinking Machine paused and sat silently staring upward. His listeners readjusted themselves in their chairs and waited impatiently.

"Now, why did Mr. Herbert confess to Miss Meredith that he stole the plate?" asked the scientist, as if of himself. "Perhaps she forced him to it. Mr. Herbert is a young man of strong loyalty and a grim sense of humor, this latter being a quality the police are not acquainted with. However, Mr. Herbert *did* confess to Miss Meredith that he was the Burglar, but he made this confession, obviously, because she would believe nothing else, and when a seeming necessity of protecting the real Burglar was still uppermost in his mind. What he wanted was the Girl. If the facts never came out he was all right; if they did come out they would implicate one whom he was protecting, but through no fault of his—therefore, he was still all right."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Supreme Intelligence. "My experience has shown that a man doesn't confess to a theft unless ——"

"So we may safely assume," The Thinking Machine continued almost pleasantly, "that Mr. Herbert, by confessing the theft as a prank, perhaps, won back Miss Meredith's confidence; that they planned an elopement for the second time. A conversation Mr. Hatch had with Mr. Herbert immediately after Mr. Herbert saw Miss Meredith practically confirms it. Then, with matters in this shape, the real Burglar, to whom I have accredited unusual powers, stole the plate the second time—we know how."

"Herbert stole it, you mean!" blazed Detective Mallory.

"This theft came immediately on top of the reconciliation of Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert," The Thinking Machine went on steadily, without heeding the remark by the slightest sign. "Therefore, it was only natural that he should be the person most vitally interested in seeing that the plate was again returned. He undertook to do this himself. The result was that, where the police had failed, he found the plate and a lot of jewels, took them from the Burglar and was about to return Mr. Randolph's property when the detectives walked in on him. That is why he laughed."

Detective Mallory arose from his seat and started to say something impolite. The presence of Dollie Meredith choked the words back and he swallowed hard.

"Who then," he demanded after a couple of gulps—"who do you say is the thief if Herbert is not?"

The Thinking Machine glanced up into his face, then turned to Hatch.

"Mr. Hatch, what is that name I asked you to get?"

"George Francis Hayden," was the stammering reply, "but—but ——"

"Then George Francis Hayden is the thief," declared The Thinking Machine emphatically.

"But I—I started to say," Hatch blurted. "I started to say that George Francis Hayden has been dead for two years."

The Thinking Machine rose suddenly and glared at the reporter. There was a tense silence broken at last by a chuckle from Detective Mallory.

"Dead?" repeated the scientist incredulously. "Do you *know* that?"

"Yes, I—I know it."

The Thinking Machine stood for another moment squinting at him, then, turning, left the room.

VII

HALF an hour later The Thinking Machine walked in, unannounced, upon Dick Herbert. The front door had not been locked; Blair was somewhere in the rear. Herbert, in some surprise, glanced up at his visitor just in time to see him plank himself down solidly into a chair.

"Mr. Herbert," the scientist began, "I have gone out of my way to prove to the police that you were not in the automobile with Miss Meredith, and that you did not steal the gold plate found in your possession. Now, I happen to know the name of the thief, and ——"

"And if you mention it to one living soul," Dick added suddenly, hotly, "I shall forget myself and—and ——"

"His name is George Francis Hayden," the scientist continued.

Dick started a little and straightened up; the menace dropped from him and he paused to gaze curiously into the wizened face before him. After a moment he drew a sigh of deep relief.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Oh!"

"I know that that isn't who you thought it was," resumed the other, "but the fact remains that Hayden is the man with whom Miss Meredith unwittingly eloped, and that Hayden is the man who actually stole the plate and jewels. Further, the fact remains that Hayden ——"

"Is dead," Dick supplemented grimly. "You are talking through your ——" He coughed a little. "You are talking without any knowledge of what you are saying."

"He can't be dead," remarked the scientist calmly.

"But he *is* dead!" Dick insisted.

"He can't be dead," snapped the other abruptly. "It's perfectly silly to suppose such a thing. Why, I have proven absolutely, by the simplest rules of logic, that he stole the gold plate; therefore he cannot be dead. It's silly to say so."

Dick wasn't quite certain whether to be angry or amused. He decided to hold the matter in abeyance for the moment and see what other strange thing would develop.

"How long has he been dead?" continued the scientist.

"About two years."

"You *know* it?"

"Yes, I know it."

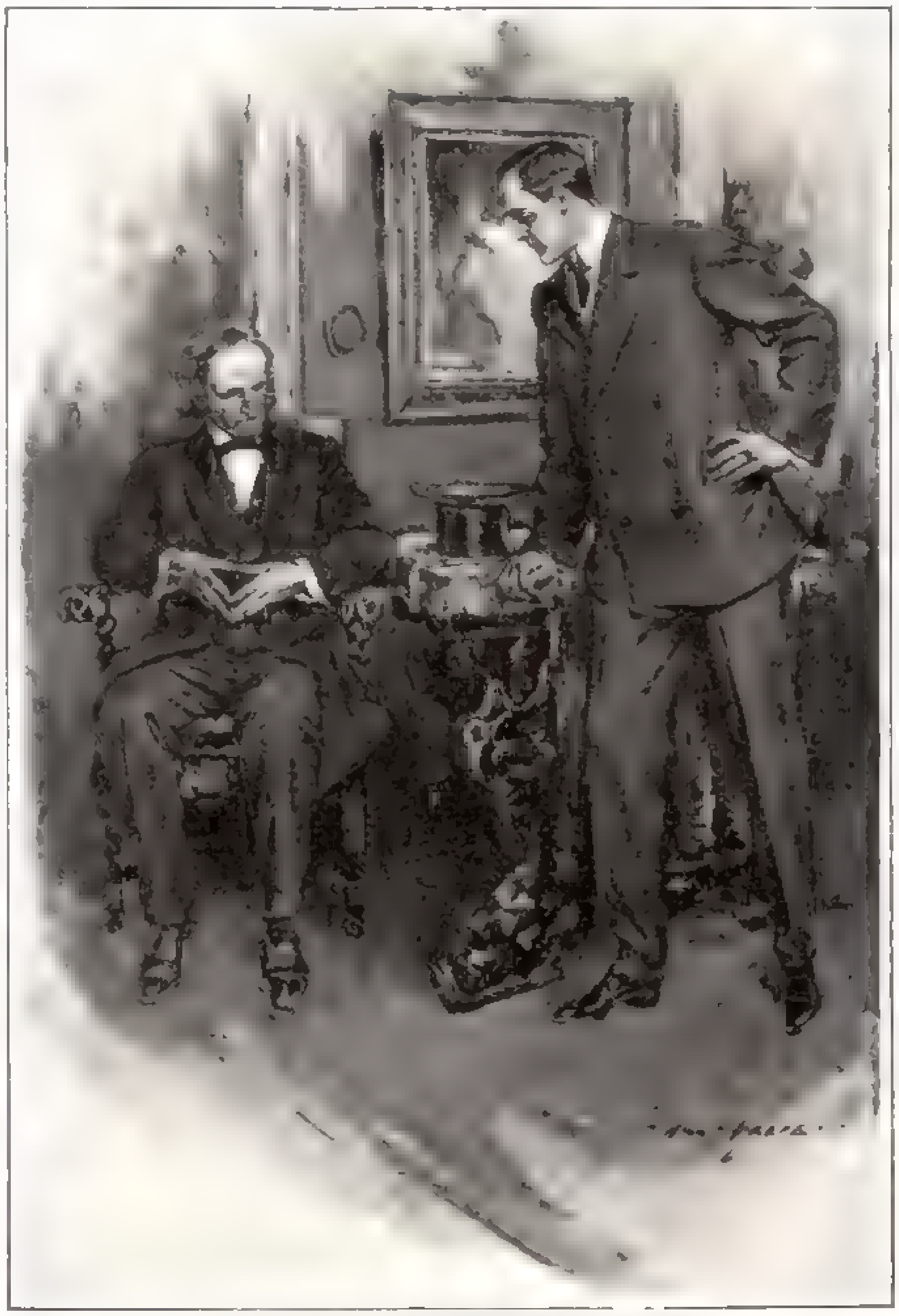
"*How* do you know it?"

"Because I attended his funeral," was the prompt reply.

Dick saw a shadow of impatience flash into his visitor's face and instantly pass.

"How did he die?" queried the scientist.

"He was lost from his catboat," Dick answered. "He had gone out sailing, alone, while in a bathing-suit. Several hours after the boat drifted in on the tide without him. Two or three weeks later the body was recovered."



"He Stole the Gold Plate; Therefore He Cannot be Dead"

"Ah!" exclaimed The Thinking Machine.

Then, for half an hour or so he talked, and—as he went on, incisively, pointedly, dramatically even at times—Dick Herbert's eyes opened wider and wider. At the end he rose and gripped the scientist's slender white fingers heartily in his own with something approaching awe in his manner. Finally, he put on his hat and they went out together.

That evening at eight o'clock Detective Mallory, Hutchinson Hatch, Mr. Randolph, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Greyton and Dollie Meredith gathered in a parlor of the Greyton home by request of The Thinking Machine. They were waiting for something—no one knew exactly what.

Finally there came a tinkle at the bell and The Thinking Machine entered. Behind him came Dick Herbert, Dr. Clarence Walpole and a stranger. Mr. Meredith glanced up quickly at Herbert, and Dollie lifted her chin haughtily with a stony stare which admitted of no compromise. Dick pleaded for recognition with his eyes, but it was no use, so he sat down where he could watch her unobserved.

Singular expressions flitted over the countenance of the Supreme Intelligence. Right here, now, he knew the earth was to be jerked out from under him and he was not at all certain that there would be anything left for him to cling to. This first impression was strengthened when The Thinking Machine introduced Doctor Walpole with an ostentatious squint at Mr. Mallory. The detective set his teeth hard.

The Thinking Machine sat down, stretched out his slender legs, turned his eyes upward and adjusted his fingers precisely, tip to tip. The others watched him anxiously.

"We shall have to go back a few years to get the real beginning of the events which have culminated so strangely within the past week," he said. "This was a close friendship of three young men in college. They were Mr. Herbert here, a freshman, and Harry Meredith and George Francis Hayden, juniors. This friendship, not an unusual one in college, was made somewhat romantic by the young men calling themselves The Triangle. They occupied the same apartments and were exclusive to a degree. Of necessity Mr. Herbert was drawn from that exclusiveness, to a certain extent, by his participation in football."

A germ of memory was working in Hatch's mind.

"At some one's suggestion three triangular watch-charms were made, identical in every way save for initials on the back. They bore a symbol which was meaningless except to The Triangle. They were made to order and are therefore the only three of the kind in the world. Mr. Herbert has one now on his watch-chain. There is another with the initials 'G. F. H.' in the lot of jewelry Mr. Mallory recovered from Mr. Herbert. The third is worn by Harry Meredith, who is now in Buenos Ayres. The American Consul there has confirmed, by cable, that fact.

"In the senior year the three young men of The Triangle were concerned in the mysterious disappearance of a valuable diamond ring. It was hushed up in college after it seemed established that Mr. Herbert was a thief. Knowing his own innocence and seeing what seemed to be an exclusive opportunity for Harry Meredith to have done what was charged, Mr. Herbert laid the matter to him, having at that time an interview with Harry's father. The result of that interview was more than ever to convince Mr. Meredith of Mr. Herbert's guilt. As a matter of fact, the thief in that case was George Francis Hayden."

There were little murmurs of astonishment, and Mr. Meredith turned and stared at Dick Herbert. Dollie gave him a little glance out of the corner of her eye, smiled, then sat up primly.

"This ended The Triangle," resumed the scientist. "A year or so later Mr. Herbert met Miss Meredith. About two years ago George Francis Hayden was reported drowned from his catboat. This was confirmed, apparently, by the finding of his body, and an insurance company paid over a large sum—I think it was $25,000—to a woman who said she was his wife. But George Francis Hayden was not drowned; he is alive now. It was a carefully-planned fraud against the insurance company, and it succeeded.

"This, then, was the situation on last Thursday—the night of the masked ball at Seven Oaks—except that there had grown up a love affair between Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert. The father opposed this because of the incident in college. Both Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert had invitations to that ball. It was an opportunity for an elopement and they accepted it. Mr. Herbert sent word to her what costume to wear; she did not know the nature of his

"On Thursday afternoon Miss Meredith sent her jewel-casket, with practically all her jewels, to Mr. Herbert. She wanted them, naturally; they probably planned a trip abroad. The maid in this house took the casket and gave it into Mr. Herbert's own hands. Am I right?" He turned squarely and squinted at Dollie.

"Yes," she gasped quickly. She smiled upon her father who made some violent remarks to himself.

"At this point, Fate, in the guise of a masked Burglar, saw fit to step into the affair," the scientist went on after a moment. "About nine-thirty, Thursday evening, while Mr. Herbert was alone, the masked Burglar, George Francis Hayden, entered Mr. Herbert's house, possibly thinking every one was away. There, still masked, he met Mr. Herbert, who—by something the Burglar said and by the triangular charm he wore—recognized him as *Harry Meredith*. Remember, he thought he knew George Francis Hayden was dead.

"There were some words and a personal encounter between the two men. George Francis Hayden fired a shot which struck Mr. Herbert in the right shoulder—in front—took the jewel-casket in which Mr. Herbert had placed his card of invitation to the ball, and went away, leaving Mr. Herbert senseless on the floor."

Dollie's face blanched suddenly and she gasped. When she glanced involuntarily at Dick she read the love-light in his eyes and her color returned with a rush.

"Several hours later, when Mr. Herbert recovered consciousness," the unruffled voice went on, "he went to Doctor Walpole, the nearest physician, and there the bullet was extracted and the wound dressed. The ball was thirty-two calibre?"

Doctor Walpole nodded.

"And Mr. Cunningham's revolver carried a thirty-eight," added the scientist. "Now we go back to the Burglar. He found the invitation in the casket, and the bold scheme, which later he carried out so perfectly, came to him as an inspiration. He went to the ball just as he was. Nerve, self-possession and humor took him through. We know the rest.

"Naturally, in the circumstances, Mr. Herbert, believing that Harry Meredith was the thief, would say nothing to bring disgrace upon the name of the girl he loved. Instead, he saw Miss Meredith, who would not accept his denial then, and in order to get her first—explanations might come later—he confessed to the theft, whereupon they planned the second elopement.

"When Miss Meredith returned the plate by express there was no anticipation of a second theft. Here is where we get a better understanding of the mettle of the real Burglar—George Francis Hayden. He went back and got the plate from Seven Oaks. Instantly that upset the second elopement plan. Then Mr. Herbert undertook the search, got a clew, followed it and recovered not only the plate but a great lot of jewels."

There was a pause. A sky-rocket ascended in Hatch's mind and burst, illuminating the whole tangled story. Detective Mallory sat dumbly, thinking harsh words. Mr. Meredith arose, went over to Dick Herbert and solemnly shook his hand, after which he sat down again. Dollie smiled charmingly.

VIII

"NOW that is what actually happened," said The Thinking Machine after a little while. "How do I know it? Logic, logic, logic! The logical mind can start from any given point and go backward or forward, with equal facility, to a natural conclusion. This is as certain as that two and two make four—not *sometimes*, but *all* the time.

"First in this case I had Mr. Hatch's detailed examination of each circumstance. By an inspiration he connected Mr. Herbert and Miss Meredith with the affair and talked to both before the police had any knowledge at all of them. In other words, he reached at a bound what they took days to accomplish. After the second theft he came to me and related the story."

The reporter blushed modestly.

"Mr. Hatch's belief that the things that had happened to Mr. Herbert and Miss Meredith bore on the theft," resumed the scientist, "was susceptible of confirmation or refutation in only one way, this being so because of Mr. Herbert's silence—due to his loyalty. I saw that. But, before I went further, I saw clearly what had actually happened *if* I presupposed that there *had* been some connection. Thus came to me, I may say here, the almost certain knowledge that Miss Meredith had a brother, although I had never heard of him or her."

He paused a little and twiddled his thumbs thoughtfully.

"Suppose you give us just your line of reasoning," ventured Hatch.

"Well, I began with the blood-stains in the automobile to either bring Mr. Herbert into this affair or shut him out," replied the scientist. "You know how I made the blood-tests. They showed conclusively that the blood on the cushion was not Mr. Herbert's. Remember, please, that, although I knew Miss Meredith had been in the automobile, I also knew she was not wounded; therefore the blood was that of some one else—the man.

"Now, I knew Mr. Herbert had been wounded—he wouldn't say how. If at home, would he not go to the

(Continued on Page 31)

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Protecting Capital

VARIOUS mouthpieces of high finance are beginning to express a dismal foreboding that both great political parties will make the next Presidential campaign on platforms of antagonism to capital and neighborliness to Socialism. They point to the most conspicuous act of the last Congress, to the anti-trust activities of the Administration, and to the President's latest utterances as proof that the party under his leadership has abandoned its traditional attitude of conserving business interests.

As a matter of fact, the railroad rate-bill and the trust prosecutions are for the protection of capital. Nothing could be more anti-Socialistic than their motive. The crux of the Socialist position, ever since Karl Marx announced it, has been that the big capitalists would swallow the small ones, that the "middle class" would disappear, leaving society composed of great capitalists and wage-earners, when the latter, by virtue of immense numerical superiority, would calmly appropriate the state.

The Rooseveltean measures have been solely by way of checking the swallowing process. The motive has been to protect the little capitalist from the great, to conserve small, "middle-class" business—which the rebate-giving railroads and the trusts that used cutthroat methods of competition were actually destroying at a rate that made Marx look like a prophet.

We suppose there is no particular harm in high finance hurling its pet anathemas, "Socialistic" and "academic," at whomsoever it pleases. But the plain fact is that President Roosevelt is the champion of capital par excellence. He is doing his best to save it from those forces which, by concentrating it in a few hands, would lead to its destruction. Capital cannot be saved finally unless some considerable portion of the electorate has an interest in saving it.

The Cure for Gambling

ANOTHER big bucket-shop has failed in order to avoid paying customers their winnings when luck ran in their favor. This is rather encouraging. The saloon is defended as the "poor man's club." The same sympathetic souls might defend the bucket-shop as the poor man's stock-market. Aside from its habit of failing whenever luck goes strongly against it, the essential difference between the bucket-shop and the regular brokerage office is that the former takes small bets. Probably $100,000,000 a year is a reasonable estimate of the amount that the bucket-shops and their mother, the New York Stock Exchange, take away from the people of the country—much of it from people who honestly earned the money, too. Raiding bucket-shops while the Stock Exchange runs is merely nailing up the alley door while the front one remains wide open.

The game is always rigged against the public, no matter whether it buys in a bucket-shop or through a regular broker. The moment it appears that the "public is in," that brokers are filled up with buying orders, the big and wise operators begin to work for a "healthy reaction"—to shake out the small fry. This is the essence of Stock Exchange professionalism.

The extent to which the stock-market is manipulated by big operators was suggested during a recent bull flurry. More than two hundred stocks are actively dealt in. In three days (one of them a half-holiday) the trade in only seven stocks amounted to more than five million shares, and of all the other two hundred and odd stocks put together, less than two million shares were handled.

Personally we find this rank and constant manipulation encouraging, just like the failure of the bucket-shop. We haven't much hope that the great stock-gamble will be stopped by law; but we do hope that an unvarying experience of being plucked will, in time, really discourage people from throwing their money into the maw. Indeed, during the excitement following the increase in Union Pacific's dividend, while the Stock Exchange in six days handled twelve million shares, reports from interior centres showed that there was little participation outside of New York City.

Where is the Third Party?

SECRETARY TAFT states the issue in the pending Congressional campaign about like this: If you approve what President Roosevelt has done by way of restraining predatory wealth, vote the Republican ticket; if you do not approve, vote the other ticket. No doubt there is a general disposition to regard approval of the President as a dominant factor. Yet the Democrats themselves heartily approve railroad regulation and the trust prosecutions. Their spokesman has said so. No reasoning, therefore, could construe a decisive Democratic gain in the lower House as an expression of sympathy with the railroads and the corporations that the President has attacked. The Taft postulate, strictly applied, would extend its saving grace to that Congressman who fought for the packers, and to all the beet-sugar insurgents who tried, in the House, to forestall the Senate's benevolent asphyxiation of the Philippine reciprocity plan.

The Republican House laid the pure food bill to sleep until a popular outburst caused it to reconsider. Some people approve the President, but do not approve the Republican tariff. Others attach a vital significance to the subject disputed between Gompers and Cannon. The old-line, vested-rights conservatives see little to choose between the Republican position and the Democratic position. When Blaine and Cleveland were running for the Presidency, four foolish words that insulted a large body of voters made the public will seem to express itself in favor of tariff revision. With only two parties some such thing is continually liable to happen.

Except when the game is essentially a struggle for control of party organizations in the interests of big business, the bi-party scheme affords but a cramped, indifferent method for expressing the will of so big a country so variously interested. We should like to see the true vested-rights men—the Mark Hanna Republicans and the Gold Democrats—get together and hoist their banner. If Mr. Hearst gets his anti-machine machine to going, some voters will find in it a more accurate means of expressing themselves. Two parties are not enough.

The Men with Fists

MANY deplorable things have happened in Nevada; but nothing else, in the last dozen years, that evoked quite so wide and poignant a regret as the late lamented prize-fight. It lasted two hours, and for many rounds Mr. Nelson presented to the intent spectators a countenance so battered that it resembled raw beef.

You might have supposed that this would be highly gratifying to gentlemen who traveled across a continent solely to behold two men slug each other. But it was not. We learn from public prints, and from persons conversant with such matters, that many a heart was heavy with disappointment that night. No wealth of bloody noses could compensate for the crushing fact that neither fighter succeeded in knocking the other senseless. How many hearts, we do not know; but, judging from the space that the newspapers devoted to the fight, we should say three to four million.

It is difficult for you to understand this. A mere bloody nose more than satisfies the average citizen. To see a man knocked senseless, far from completing one's felicity, alarms and depresses one. Yet we think everybody ought to read something about the prize-fight—and even to glance now and then at the "Society" column. It helps bring home to one the great fact that life is an amazingly diversified thing. It may even assist in saving one from the sin of suspecting that he knows exactly how it ought to be run.

Farm Wealth

THE Census Bureau reports that the value of farm-lands in the United States, in 1905, was nearly twenty-three billion dollars, the increase over 1900 having been something over six billions. This increase alone is equal to nearly half the capitalization of the railroads of the country. The lands, in the mass, are enormously productive, gross earnings of the farm forming the largest figure in the national budget.

We delight to contemplate this almost endless wealth, and to consider how ineffectual, so far, have been all the manifold assaults upon it. A per cent. of the population that would be expressed by a respectable fraction, if statistics were available, lives by swindling farmers. The annual farm consumption of gold-bricks of all sorts would make a presentable figure among the minor industries. The yearly waste of high-priced farm-machinery keeps the Harvester Trust cheerful. The huge tribute levied by grace of the tariff is easily borne. As James J. Hill recently pointed out, farm-capital, on the whole, is wastefully used. Careful tilling is the exception rather than the rule. Soils are often carelessly exhausted. The position of the farmer is so strong that he has been drawn hardly at all into the movement for consolidation and restriction of competition. In the main he still dumps his produce on the market whenever it is ready.

We have no sympathy with those tight-minded economists who hold up the thrifty French peasant as a model. We hope the American farmer will always live in a far more prodigal manner—blowing himself for patent lightning-rods and mail-order objects of art whenever he pleases. Considering what Nature has placed at his disposal, this is his due.

But Mr. Hill's suggestion that the day may not always be golden is worth considering. Capital, whether in lands or money, will not stay with those who maltreat it. Especially, we should like to see better economic coöperation among farmers.

Our Government Ownership

AS TO Government ownership of railroads, it was often urged that the rate-bill would turn out to be an irrevocable step in that direction. There may be something in this view—not because the bill will whet the popular appetite for "paternalism," but because, when the spirit of that bill is made fully effective, the private owners of the roads will very likely be petitioning the Government to buy them—thereby out-emulating Mr. Roosevelt in stealing the enemy's thunder.

Whatever the immediate effects of this particular bill, the campaign for it crystallized a popular determination that the railroads be run honestly in the future. Favors to big shippers must stop. Discriminations among localities must stop. The roads must finally be operated as though they were in fact what they are in theory—public highways and common carriers. When they are so run, they will earn only a fair return.

This is necessarily implied, finally, in adequate Government control. The vast opportunities for manipulation and exploitation which now make railroading so attractive will be cut off. There will be no building up of a favored corporation through rebates; no sudden doubling of dividends to give an inside stock-pool a chance to unload. The vast stock-watering industry must languish when it is firmly settled that roads can earn only a fair return upon a legitimate capitalization. The political power that is now so agreeable an adjunct of railroad management will decline when all accounts are open to Government inspection.

Under such humdrum conditions, how many real captains of industry will care to control a railroad? Most of them will prefer to have the purchase-price in Government bonds and turn their energies to more promising fields— or go fishing.

Speeding Up

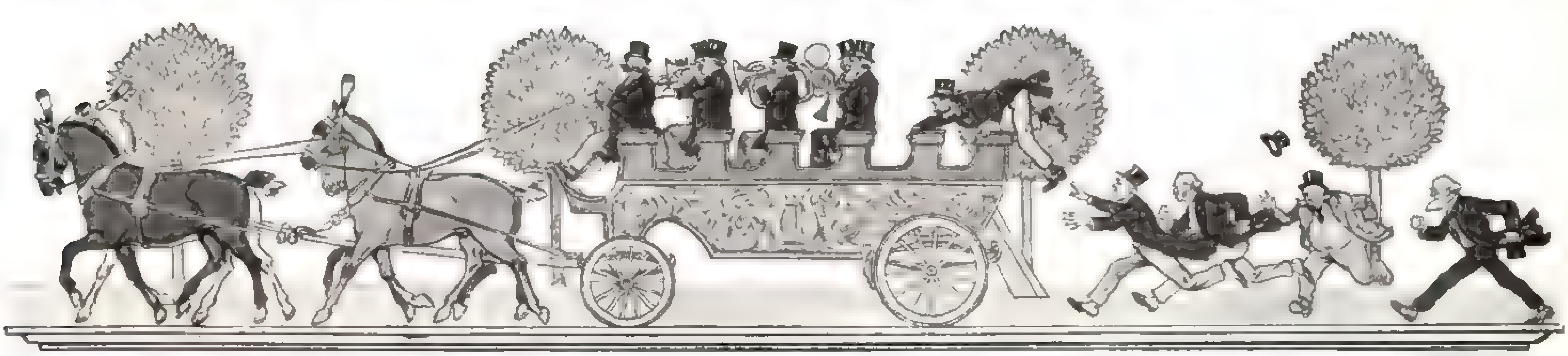
MR. INGALLS, formerly president of the Big Four, sees a condition of danger in the fact that low income-bearing securities of gilt-edge quality are less easily absorbed than formerly. The prudent small investor, according to Mr. Ingalls, is taking larger risks, and feels that he must make his money yield five or six per cent. instead of three or four. It costs him more to live, and hence he is now tempted by speculative investments.

As a people we are speeding up, and the pace affects the small people as well as the rich and the great. Prosperity is hard on the prudent, small investor. High prices don't hurt the wage-earner, so long as he can force up his wages: the increase goes to the store, and he comes out even; nor do they hurt the farmer, who sells his crops; nor are the rich made to suffer. But high prices squeeze the little-salaried people and persons who live on savings and small legacies.

Nothing is plainer in the queer social mix-up of the present than the decline of the last class, of the prudent "small" people. They are being shoved down the social scale into the class of unskilled labor, with all the misery of precarious living. For they can't save, as they once did. There was a time when a family income from investments of three or four thousand dollars a year meant comfort, position in the community—almost wealth. Industrious persons on small salaries might hope to save the capital that would lift them to that class. But the necessities cost less then, and the standard of living was lower.

The country was never so prosperous; it is speeding up all the time. But the "little fellows" can't hold the pace: it kills them materially and—morally. Will something break? Or shall we have only two classes—the rich, who live on the surplus, and the wage-earners, who live from day to day and never look beyond?

THE VICIOUS FEAR OF LOSING



An American Doctrine that Courts Destruction

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

ONE night in Washington a group of gentlemen sat talking about the tremendous moral renaissance that is now uplifting the Nation, and were saying that it is akin to the other great spiritual and moral revolutions which have so often moved the Christian world. It was observed that the people are ahead of Congress; that Congress appears to be forced, by accumulating public opinion, to make those advances in legislation necessary to keep the statute-books of the Republic abreast of the thought and conscience of the country; and the curious phenomenon was noted that, even where a reform is well under way, a sudden right-about-face upon some sudden salient feature will occur, and a majority of Congressmen and Senators will be found taking a contradictory position in a sort of sheep-like panic.

This was putting it far too strongly, of course; the Nation's legislators stand by their guns fairly well. And yet in these sudden linings-up on phases of legislation contrary to the spirit of the law which is being enacted, is found one of the chief difficulties in securing consistent, unspoiled and unmutilated laws which the necessities of business and the safety of the people require. And the explanation of this is found in that peculiar mental and spiritual cowardice inherent in human character.

The vicious fear of losing is the greatest obstacle to the passage of needed laws with which the practical and fearless legislator has to contend.

Too Many Winners

"MY OBSERVATION," said one of the company who were discussing this question, "extends over twenty years. And what that observation teaches me is that we have too many 'winners' in American public life, and too few 'losers.' What this country needs in its national legislation are more good 'losers' and fewer 'winners'; what we need is more men who are perfectly willing to get 'licked' in a fight, rather than to yield on essential points, just because their constituents will be told that they have been beaten if they do not yield.

"Whenever the capable manager or manipulator of legislation gets almost a majority he immediately makes it clear to the weak-kneed ones that they will lose if they do not come with him. And there is at once a scampering for 'the band-wagon.' Most of the weaklings have no particular conviction one way or the other—their chief desire, and almost their sole thought, is how to remain in public life. And, by some strange process of instinct, rather than reasoning, they think they cannot keep in public life if they are 'licked.' So over they go to what they are told is almost sure to be 'the winning side.'"

The man who said this is perhaps as capable an observer of events as any living American; and, to those familiar with the process of legislation, his words strike fairly in the centre of one of the most serious evils and difficulties in securing such practical legislation as is needed by the people.

The best evidence of this is in the question which the shrewd Washington correspondents, who are observing the process of a legislative battle, always ask when things have come to a head. "This means that So-and-So got licked, don't it?" is their question—or: "Then So-and-So lost out, did he?" or, "Then So-and-So wins, does he not?" We are not very far away from the primal man, after all; for the correspondents' point of view is pretty nearly the point of view of us all.

What we want to know of our hero is: "Did he win or lose?" We have no very particular thought as to *what it was* that he won or lost.

We see this in the fevered anxiety of men in public life as to what their papers at home shall say of them. An unfriendly newspaper thinks it can do a public man no greater harm than prominently to display the fact that he has lost a battle. It believes that it can do its favorite no greater favor than to state that "Mr. So-and-So *wins.*"

I remember seeing, not very long ago, in a far Northwestern paper very unfriendly to a man of that section, an article to the effect that the politician in question had "lost out." This was supposed to hurt him with the other politicians of his party. The truth was, however, that, although this man had apparently lost, he had in reality won.

Another newspaper which, for personal and peculiar reasons, was childishly in favor of a certain Congressman for whose interests it was necessary to chronicle a victory, headed a dispatch: "So-and-So *victorious*"—and the dispatch proceeded to show how he had won a tremendous victory in a bitter fight. As a matter of fact, this second man had won nothing, *had proposed nothing, had done nothing* and *had had no fight.* It was merely thought necessary, however, to represent that he had "*won*" something or other.

The point to all this is that the question which is uppermost in the minds of the rank and file of public men is that, in no circumstances, must they appear to lose, no matter what it is they lose; and that at all hazards they must appear to win, no matter what it is they win, or whether, in fact, they win at all. The greatest moral vice of our present-day public man is *the vicious fear of losing.* It is far greater than the vice of bribery, of which hardly any exists, if indeed there is any. It is far greater than the ownership of public men by interests and corporations, of which there is not a great deal. For it is the weakness on which the manipulators of legislation play with greater effect than upon all other resources at their command.

"I will fight to the bitter death for this provision," said a certain Congressman, at the last session of the House, in discussing a certain provision of a bill, over which there was an unusually bitter contest and which was finally adopted. Yet, three days later, the same man said: "Look here, boys, it seems to me that they have got us beat."

"What of that?" said a more sturdy colleague.

"Oh, well," said this valiant Congressman, "I cannot afford to get licked. I do not purpose *to be on the losing side.*"

And, sure enough, he turned up against the very provision which, but three days before, he so fiercely championed. He had not changed his opinion at all. He had merely calculated that he would be on the losing side if he was for that provision, and he felt that it was necessary, at all hazards, to appear to his constituents to be on the winning side. He was seized with the vicious fear of losing, that was all. But, as it turned out, that very feature of the bill was adopted, after all!

Train Your Public Servants

DECIDEDLY, we have too many "winners" and too few "losers" in American public life; too many men who simply have not the nerve to read in the morning paper that they have been beaten; too few men who are willing to march right up to the guns for the cause which they believe to be right. The people ought to teach their public servants that they will punish them for flocking to the winning side against what is right a good deal quicker than they will rebuke them for losing in a just cause.

I do not mean by this that a man ought to sacrifice a measure which is in peril by not yielding on any point. Legislation, of course, is a practical matter. Take some great reform bill vital to the Nation, such as the Railway-Rate Bill; or even more, the Meat Inspection Bill; or the Pure Food Bill; or the Statehood Bill, etc. The man who is fighting for measures like these ought to fight to the last gasp for the whole bill. And yet, if, at the last moment, the opposition is strong enough to defeat the *whole measure* unless its champion yields on some minute point, he is a traitor to the reform for which he fights if he sacrifices the substance of the bill to the detail.

Let him get the principle of the bill, if necessary, by yielding the details. Of course, if the detail itself involves the principles vital to the *whole reform,* then he ought to go down in defeat rather than surrender a line or a letter. But the philosophy of compromising, which involves concessions sometimes even to corrupt interests rather than to a sacrifice of the salient features of a great reform measure, is far removed from the vicious fear of losing, which makes Congressmen and Senators yield to superior numbers.

Dancing Round the Philippines

DURING the last two or three years a certain prominent public man, who is a careful observer of the trend of public opinion, calculated that the anti-imperialists were about to win, and accordingly he said in a speech that the Philippines were a frightful burden, a great mistake—and various other brilliant and quotable things. Within one month, however, the same man became convinced that the settled determination of the American millions was to hold the Philippines. He lost no time, then, in getting on to that patriotic band-wagon, and a ringing speech was made, filled with the loftiest eloquence about our duty toward our Oriental wards and our determination under God to hold forever that splendid archipelago, the door of the Orient, to whose entrance we had been providentially directed and in which we were forever established.

Strange to say, the eloquence of this speech was real. It rang true. It voiced the man's real convictions. I have seldom listened to a finer piece of oratory. It was all the finer because he had made up his mind that the public opinion of the country was precisely what his own private opinions were. But the reason he had changed position was that, in the first instance, he had estimated that the anti-imperialists would win, and, in the second instance, he had made up his mind that the patriotic view would prevail. He was compelled to do right, not by his conscience, or judgment, or statesmanship, but by the vicious fear of losing.

But, after all, are these weak-kneed public men—these "winners"—so much to blame? Do we not here perceive a national fault? Is it not true that we Americans have come to worship success more than righteousness? "Nothing succeeds like success"—that is our shallow and materialistic epigram. Of course it is not true. He who makes "success, and nothing but success" his program through life, will find the inevitable Waterloo at the end of his career.

The truth is that *nothing succeeds but the right.*

For example, nearly every great reform was defeated at first. We forget that Wendell Phillips, while making an anti-slavery speech, was hooted in Faneuil Hall. His cause triumphed in the end, and, of course, Phillips and all of his great company are heroes now. Oh, yes, to be sure—heroes *now!* But hooted yesterday. There was Lincoln, too. Douglas beat him. He "got licked." And he "got licked" on purpose, too. Mr. Churchill, in

The Crisis, tells the story of how the tempter came to Lincoln during that great debate and showed him the certainty of winning the Senatorship if he would adopt a certain policy. But Lincoln was not speaking to win the Senatorship.

The Luck of the Chosen

I am thoroughly against Mr. Bryan's political ideas. But what American fails to admire his dauntlessness at the last St. Louis convention? I remember reading, at the time, in a famous New York paper, a brilliant article by a celebrated correspondent, describing "the downfall of Bryan." How this correspondent pitied him! How clearly he pointed out the folly of Mr. Bryan's standing by his obsolete convictions, with the certainty of "losing out," rather than fall in with the powers that were then in control and becoming the hero of his party! Oh, yes, Mr. Bryan was "done for." But the heroism of Mr. Bryan's willingness to be politically riddled strengthened him more with his followers than a thousand successes.

Undoubtedly President Roosevelt has faced more incidents of that sort than any man now prominent in American public life. He has faced defeat, he has even invited defeat, so often that he is now probably unconscious of the power of the forces which he challenges. But Roosevelt has *the luck of the chosen*, the fortune of the true man of destiny. And so, although he fearlessly moves forward to what seems certain disaster, he always wins. Mr. Bryan has a courage equal to Mr. Roosevelt, but Mr. Roosevelt is fortunate in championing the right side at the *right time*. There is a song: "I want what I want *when* I want it." It is important to be right at the right time. Mr. Roosevelt's strategy is equal to his courage, and, in addition to that, he has the luck which seems to attend those whom the Fates ordain as their ministers.

A New Spirit

To my mind there is nothing in our recent national life so inspiring as the new spirit of righteousness that is again reasserting itself among the American millions—the old martyr-spirit that makes individuals and peoples worth while; the spirit of '76 and '64; the spirit that is willing to lose while battling for what ought to be rather than to win for what is. I shall hail the day when the American people will lift on their shoulders the man who dares to lose in their interests, rather than the man who merely wins regardless of whether what he wins is good for the people or not.

Naturally, these "winners" always try to make it appear that they have "won" in the people's interest. No doubt they would prefer to win in the people's interest, but that is not their first consideration. Their first consideration is to "win"—just to "w-i-n"—and win at all hazards—or, rather, *not to appear to lose*. It is all a question of "saving one's face."

But there is one type of public man even more hurtful to the public interests than the "winner." This is the *man who fears to make a record* on anything, and who tries to avoid all possible conflict between principle and conditions, between the right thing that ought to be and the wrong thing that is. Such a man keeps out of sight until the issue is determined and the verdict rendered. Then he comes forward as having been all along upon the side which prevails. These foxlike people do not stand for anything except themselves.

They have neither the courage nor the merit of those brave, strong men who frankly stand up and battle with vigor, fearlessness and ability in favor of private interests as against public interests—many of these former are honest and, in a way, admirable. But the velvet-footed ones are secretly aiding the powers that be because the powers that be have resources ready at hand and can either reward or punish public men. On the other hand, the people, if too often thwarted, indulge in their revenges also, and, therefore, it is the creed of these self-servers in public life not openly to offend either the people or the interests.

But the "winners," to which this paper is chiefly addressed, are not bad at all at heart. They are not corrupt. They are not especially craven. They are merely victims of the vicious fear of losing. They are adherents to our national Religion of Success. They are victims of the popular

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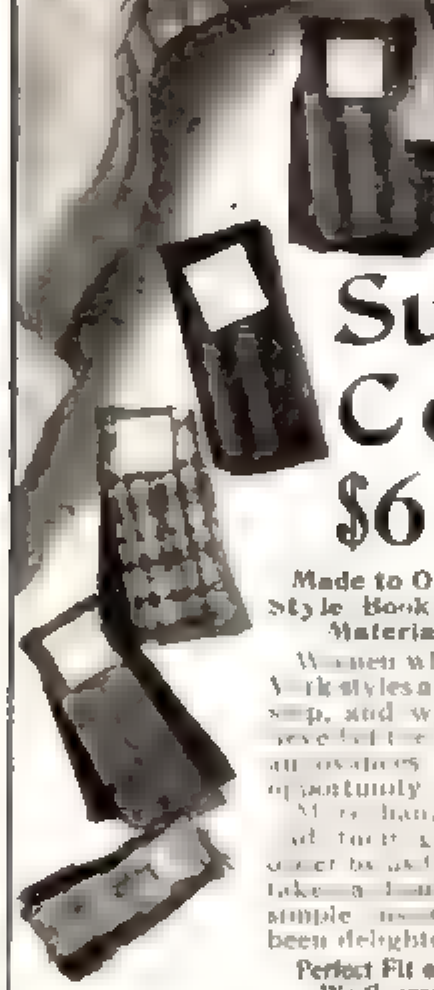

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It's the selfish view to take of insurance. Doesn't give a man nearly the satisfaction he gets from thinking of his family's future.

Which way do you look at it? As an investment, or as protection? I'd like to know. Write and tell me. It is my duty to do exactly right by you if I'd do exactly right by insurance. So let me know, and I'll set you right.

Particularly do I want to correspond with you if you are on a salary, where you have to make every cent tell, where you have to turn pennies over carefully. You are the man who really needs insurance most—that is, insurance of the protection-for-the-family kind. After all, that's the only kind that is genuinely insurance.

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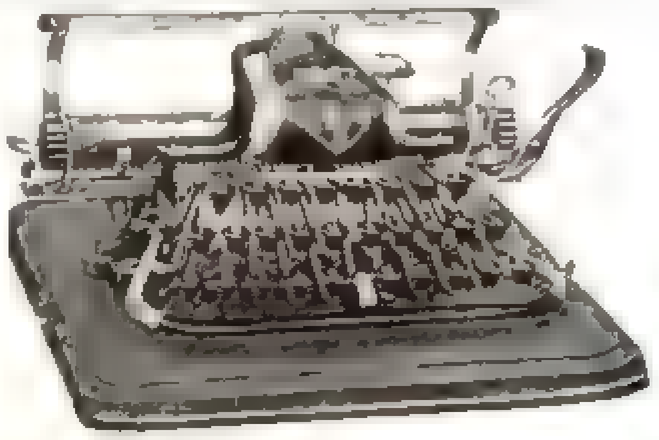

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passion for victory. Nor do I want to be understood as rebuking this American spirit that demands achievement. I am only insisting that this spirit shall be exalted and glorified by a care for the methods by which victory is achieved and, above all, the purpose for which the fight is waged. I would have the average American come to look upon success in an unrighteous cause as worse than defeat, but I would also have him feel that this very Americanism demands that he shall fight for a cause unyieldingly, ceaselessly and forever, never knowing when he is "licked."

Therefore, I would banish from the breast of my countryman *the vicious fear of losing*. I would eliminate from his soul the admiration for that kind of victory which merely prevails over an opponent, no matter whether that victory was won for the right or the wrong. I would have this people return to that spirit which glorified the beginnings of the Republic and which, in the teeth of kings and in the face of overwhelming armies, flung its denial to the theory that "might makes right." It was upon that denial that our fathers marched to the field of battle and gave to the world the splendid story, first of Valley Forge, but, finally, of Yorktown.

All forward movements have their Valley Forge, but inevitably, in the end, they have their Yorktown, too. They all have their Bull Run in the beginning, but, in the end, they have also their Appomattox.

Live Up to the Past

Let us require not only public men, but also ourselves, to live up to those sayings of our great ones which make our history and thrill our blood to-day.

"I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

"Don't give up the ship."

"I have only begun to fight."

But let us be sure we always say these things only for the right. Paul Jones was defeated. His ship was shot to pieces, in flames and sinking, but, shouted this typical American, "I have only begun to fight!" Paul Jones was fighting for the right.

Lawrence was dying, but that was little or nothing to him. He was not concerned that he had given his life for his country. Rather he gloried in that fact. But "Don't give up the ship" exclaimed he as his brave heart stopped beating. Lawrence was fighting for the right.

Grant had seen thousands of the best troops that ever charged to death mowed down before the enemy's guns. He was denounced as a butcher, a drunkard, an obstinate fool. But, said he: "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." And that one sentence meant victory for the Union. Grant was fighting for the right.

A crowd of men in House and Senate had resolved to resist a certain foolish and harmful measure. Before the struggle had hardly begun, before the outposts had exchanged shots, one of the men came to his comrades and said:

"I hear everybody over here is against us on this thing. Let us drop it. *We cannot afford — to lose.*"

But the cause was not dropped. The faint-hearted one was dropped, but the cause was not dropped. It won - won splendidly. And it won not more on account of its merit than because of the stout-heartedness of the few faithful ones who believed that there is such a thing in this world as conviction, such things as right and wrong.

I do not mean to counsel "foolhardiness." That is as absurd in legislative life as it is in military life. Where you have fought a good fight and have actually secured important positions, and where continuance of the struggle means the probable loss of the positions gained, you are the merest child of folly if you insist on taking that hazard. Such conduct indicates bravado and not bravery. Where such a struggle has resulted in substantial victory, and where further fight means the possible loss of the ground already gained, there let the battle close, secure the ground already won, and then *another day take up the contest* for the remainder - all this, of course, unless yielding means to yield a *principle*, and, in that event, there is nothing to do but to fight to the last gasp and go on record, knowing that although you are in the minority to-day you will be in the majority to-morrow.

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It is the "South Beacon" at Sandy Hook (as shown in the picture).

Thousands of Lives, and Millions of dollars worth of marine Property, depend every year upon *that* Light being *absolutely reliable*.

Every vessel that enters New York harbor at night is guided by it.

If *that* Light should *fail*, death to Mariners and Passengers would be a sure result.

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Well, Reader, the "South Beacon" is Lighted with *Acetylene Gas*. That was chosen in preference to all other known and tested illuminants.

And, more impressive still, the "South Beacon" Light needs attendance only *once* in every *Six* months.

It is then recharged, and takes care of itself, with the thousands of Lives dependent upon its rays, for *another* six months.

Now, what do *you* think of *that* for an "article of faith" in Acetylene on the part of Lighting Experts and Coast Pilots who *ought* to be competent judges?

*

Reliability comes first, of course, in such Lighthouses where Acetylene is used.

But, after that there is another, and tremendously significant, feature which commends this White Light to Mariners as it should to Householders.

That feature is the splendid long-distance *carrying power* of Acetylene light rays.

This quality is known as "diffusion" — a *spreading* of the light uniformly over a very *wide* area.

Mariners say they can *see* Acetylene Light nearly *twice as far* as they can see the same candle power of any *other* light.

They say it penetrates Fog *further*, and all "thick" conditions of weather.

It does this *because* it is such a Clear, Pure, *White* Light, free from the large percentage of useless Color which weakens and fogs Kerosene, Gasoline or Coal gas Light.

It is also an absolutely *steady* Light, free from the wavering *flicker*, the rise and fall, of Electric Light, which is so hard upon the *Eyes* because they must constantly readjust themselves to its changing volume.

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It gives a rich, white Sparkle to every polished thing it falls upon, brings out every shade of Color, even pale pink and pale blue, at its correct value, and *diffuses* (spreads) all around a room like daylight.

More than this, it now costs *a third less* than the same candle-power from Kerosene Lamps, without needing a *tenth* of the care. And it costs only *half* as much, per candle power, as Incandescent Electric Light.

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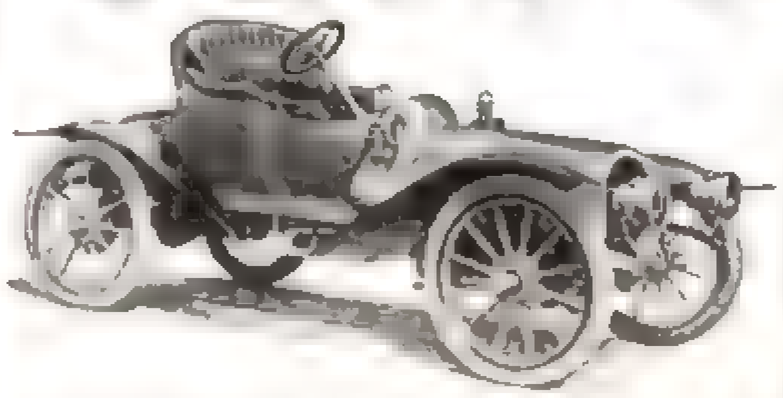
Drop me a line to-day for my free book called "Sunlight on Tap."

And tell me how many rooms you've got.

Just address me here as "Acetylene G. Jones," 161 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



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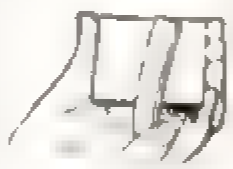

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SHERBURN M. BECKER

(Concluded from Page 9)

corruption. Make up your mind, when you accept an office, that you represent all the people. Do not allow prejudice to swerve you. Have a platform, short and pointed. Do not make it complicated or verbose, for if you do you will find yourself in trouble. Think fast; be quick in emergencies. Conservatism is not a disease, and should not be so regarded. It is a good thing to be conservative; but too much is disastrous. Do something all the time, but don't do things that count for naught. Make plans, then carry them out. Finish your work as you go along. When in office, bear in mind that you are the servant, not the master. Do not imagine—if you are mayor, for example—that you own the City Hall. Associate with as many good people as you can. Extend your acquaintanceship. Never retire for the night without being able to say: 'To-day I made a friend.' Never recognize the word 'fail.' You will fail, and badly, but pass it up as quickly as you can."

Mr. Becker's attention was called to Socialism. He said: "I feel like warning young men, rich or poor, against the dangers of the fantastic and extreme tenets of Socialism. We have a government that was founded upon good principles, largely by young men, and it has weathered the storms of over a century. I am not in sympathy with 'parlor Socialism' or any other Socialism, which contemplates the overthrow of our present government. There is room for reform; but let us not be led astray by the more or less attractive pleadings and arguments of theorists whose remedy is revolution."

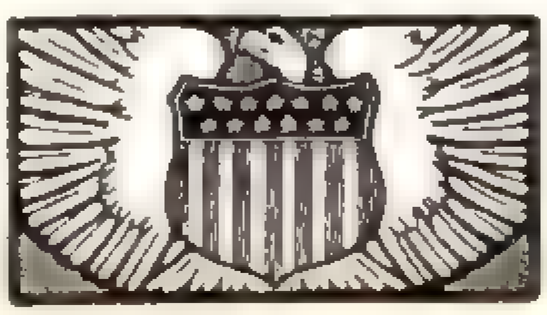
While we talked, a machine like unto a stock-ticker, which reposed on the desk, began to mutter. For a moment I thought we were in the coils of a bucket-shop. My fears were unfounded. It was a fire-alarm, of the sort that prints its news on a tape.

Mr. Becker, at the first "click!" sprang to his feet. His enthusiasm was born rather of his years than his office. He read the tape, sighed, and threw it down. The fire—if there was one—was miles away.

Perhaps it was five minutes later when the telephone rang. This time it was not a fire. No; the Grocers' Association was unbending in a picnic at Schlitz's Park. The grocers desired Mr. Becker to make them a speech. Mr. Becker agreed. He stipulated only for a table on the rostrum, to the end that he have something whereon to pound in emphasizing a point.

Mr. Becker would electrify the grocers at 4:30 o'clock. That moment of coming eloquence was a round two hours away. Meanwhile, he proposed a ride in the official automobile: he would show me Milwaukee. In this connection I gleaned that Mr. Becker is not without a streak of Harun-al-Raschid in his composition. At all hours, day or night, he flits about the town. The police on post are always expecting him, and, therefore, always awake. This ubiquity, not to say unexpectedness, on Mr. Becker's part is not popular with the police; but it is effective, which is better, municipally speaking. In his flights about town Mr. Becker keeps a bright eye going for bad pavements and unclean streets. These patrols go a long distance toward keeping all city things shipshape and Bristol fashion.

Milwaukee on election day employs voting machines. Mr. Becker, on our way to the official automobile, carried me into a room in the City Hall and exhibited them. There were twoscore and more, and they looked vastly like typesetting machines. Also, it would require a Mergenthaler to work one. I could see no advantage in them. The experts of Tammany could "beat" them in two moves. Moreover, they were bound to leave in the mind of the most confiding elector a doubt not only as to whom he had voted for, but whether he had really voted at all.



As a smoker, you probably know what sort of cigar 10c. will buy over the retail counter.

You have some idea of the jobbers' profit and retailers' profit.

If you throw as little as a nickel on the counter, you know about what you get for that.

Now, the fact that you do not get a genuinely good cigar over the counter for the money you wish to pay, isn't saying that you can't appreciate a good smoke when you do get it.

It's all wrong—dead wrong—the argument [illegible] the manufacturing and jobbing trade, that [illegible] [illegible] taste [illegible] smoke.

Now just [illegible] a moment. Our experience [illegible] business is making good cigars [illegible] the smoker.

We have [illegible] among the best business and professional men in this country—bankers, railroad officials, clubs, officers of the Army and Navy. We sell cigars as high as 15 cents—perfectos that cost 25 cents in any cigar store.

We also make much less expensive goods.

A man may come to us for [illegible] reduce his cigar bills, or [illegible] and get a better—a very much higher grade—Havana leaf and workmanship.

If he will tell us what he has been smoking, let us advise him and submit free samples for his trial and approval, we will guarantee that [illegible] do both—reduce his cigar bills and smoke better cigars.

As a case in point, take just our Examiner cigar, shown actual size in above photograph reproduction.

The filler is long, clean, clear Havana. It is wrapped with genuine imported Sumatra leaf. [illegible]

We [illegible] at $5.00 per hundred, and have it rolled by high-class workmen in our own place—the cleanest and most sanitary cigar factory in America.

We select and import our own leaf, direct. We cut out all intermediate profits and deliver it to you express paid, at $5.00 for a box of one hundred, or $2.50 for a box of fifty—that's five cents apiece, and if you can match this cigar [illegible] in your own town, we will return your money [illegible], pay the expressage [illegible] cigars left in the box and make no charge for those you have smoked.

Or, better than that—send no advance payment, simply write us on your business letterhead, enclosing your business card, and we will send you a box of fifty Examiner cigars on *trial;* smoke a few samples. If you like them, and find we are justified in our claims for them, send us $2.50, [illegible] for any reason you do not care for them, return them immediately at our expense and no charge will be made for those you smoked in making the test. We pay expressage both ways. We could not do this if we were not sure of our ground. We know tobacco; we know current cigar values.

The only chance we take, is whether or not you know cigar quality when you get it, and we have the faith to believe that you do, in spite of the theories of the cigar jobbers.

Of course we also take the risk of striking your particular taste.

You take no risk at all.

We can show you a thousand testimonials from prominent men who order all their cigars from us by mail, and who have been reordering constantly for the last five years.

We have a high standing here at home. Hundreds of our best customers live right here in New York City, and heaven knows there are plenty of cigar stores here.

Write now while you have our address handy.

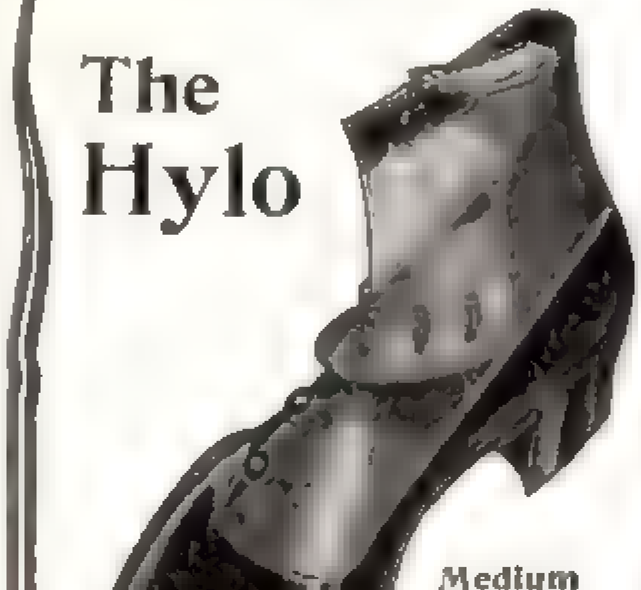
LA RECLAMA CUBAN FACTORY 1921 First Avenue NEW YORK CITY

References: Union Exchange Bank—Dun—Bradstreets

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

The Hylo



Medium "Swing" Toe

Patent Leather Button Boot. Military Heel.

If a Florsheim shoe hurts you, it is your fault or the dealer's. You have not been fitted to your size and shape. Our 200 anatomical lasts give a fit for every foot—a style for every taste.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most Styles sell for $5.00.

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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

For All Ages

2nd—"*The school boy with his shining morning face*"

Is a complete pure food, which builds up [illegible] bones and muscles, and promotes healthy growth of the entire system. [illegible] [illegible] stirring the powder [illegible]

[illegible]

ASK FOR HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co.,
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.
London, England. Montreal, Canada.

150 Old Time Songs, Words and Music Complete, Only 4 Cents

For the purpose of introducing our popular publications and securing new customers for them, we [illegible] post paid to any address, upon receipt of [illegible] Four Cents [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty Favorite Old Time Songs, [illegible] Back My Bonnie to Me [illegible] Doon, Stop dat Knocking, Killarney, When the Swallows [illegible] Robin Adair, Annie Laurie, The Last Rose of Summer, [illegible] Thro' the Rye, I Cannot Sing the Old Songs, [illegible] the Corn is Waving, Annie, Bonnie Dundee, and 115 others. Four cents pays [illegible] faction is guaranteed or money will be refunded. [illegible]

F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, No. 27 City Hall Place, New York

The Finest Winter Climate in the World

A high class pleasure and health resort catering to persons of refinement

CASTLE HOT SPRINGS Arizona

Hot mild mineral waters possessing peculiar therapeutic properties and an equable climate in a **land of sunshine and blue sky** make it an ideal place to rest, recreate and regain health.

The mild, dry, clear, bracing atmosphere is a promoter of energy and new life. No dust, wind or fog.

Modern hotel buildings, equipped with electric light, ice and steam plants.

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Out door swimming pools.

Fascinating trails for horseback riding in every direction.

Shooting, Tennis, Roque, Bowling and other outdoor and indoor sports.

A resort for old and young.

[illegible] boys and girls are developed into robust manhood and womanhood. Bring them with you.

Persons suffering from tuberculosis are positively not received.

Our descriptive Booklet D will be mailed to you on request.

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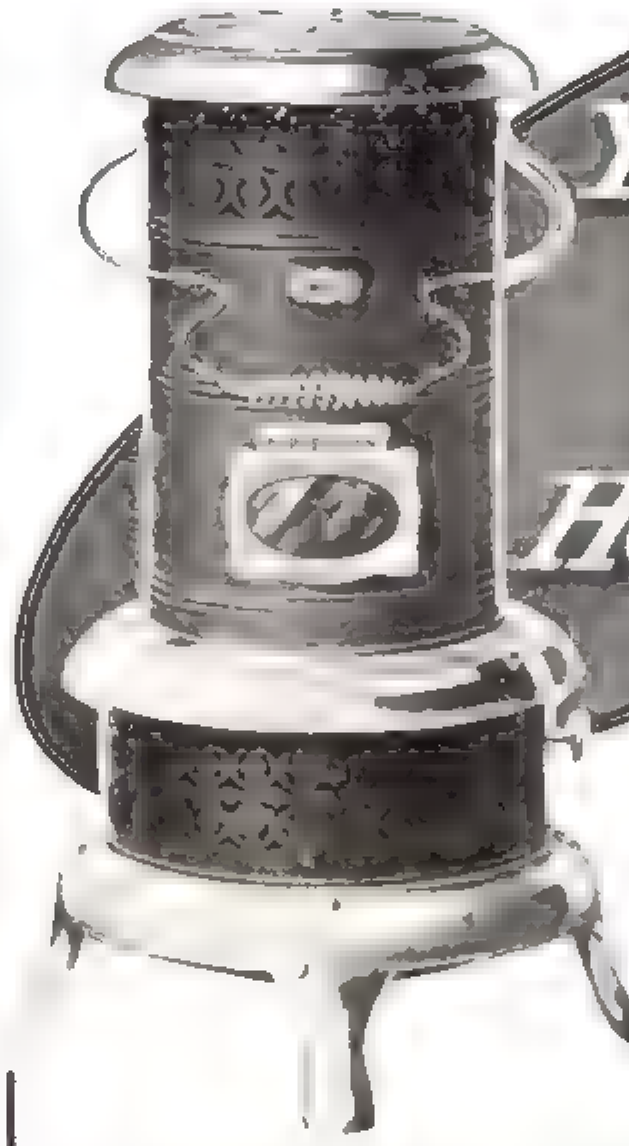

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There need not be a cold room in the house if you own a **PERFECTION** Oil Heater. This is an oil heater that gives satisfaction wherever used. Produces intense heat without smoke or smell because equipped with smokeless device — no trouble, no danger. Easily carried around from room to room. You cannot turn the wick too high or too low. As easy and simple to care for as a lamp. The

PERFECTION Oil Heater

Equipped with Smokeless Device.

is an ornament to the home. It is made in two finishes — nickel and japan. Brass oil fount beautifully embossed. Holds 4 quarts of oil and burns 9 hours. Every heater warranted. Do not be satisfied with anything but a **PERFECTION** Oil Heater. If you cannot get heater or information from your dealer write to nearest agency for descriptive circular.

The Rayo Lamp is the best lamp for all around household use. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe; unexcelled in light-giving power; an ornament to every room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

Grow Your Own Roses

FLORAL LIFE will tell you how when, how and what to plant, [illegible] and water; how to give winter protection; how to destroy insects, soil and fertilizers which give best results. In short this great magazine is a complete [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] advertising. 25c a year — 3 months on trial, only 6 cents.

BABY RAMBLER ROSE, 4c

The grandest new kind lately introduced. Perfectly hardy and blooms all the time. Most desirable for house cut [illegible] winter and plant out next spring. [illegible] today! Address

THE YOUNG & BENNETT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
Box 165, Springfield, Ohio — "Where the Flowers Grow"

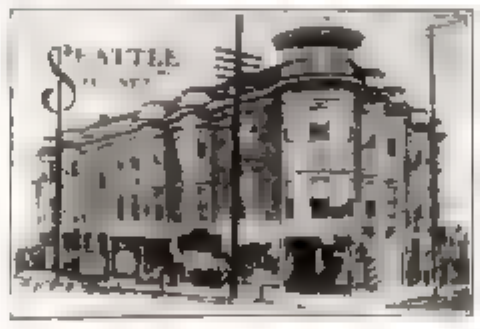
[illegible] **PLYMOUTH ROCK** [illegible] **largest and best** [illegible] **four weeks** [illegible] **$3.50 $6** [illegible] **first** [illegible] **PLYMOUTH ROCK straight** [illegible] **Homers**, [illegible]

FREE
SQUAB BOOK

[illegible] 1906 [illegible] **Free Book, How to Make Money with Squabs.**
Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 433 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

DIVIDEND for year ending June 30 9.7%

Join our **SYNDICATE** while shares are at par, $10 each and share in [illegible] value of SEATTLE BUSINESS PROPERTY

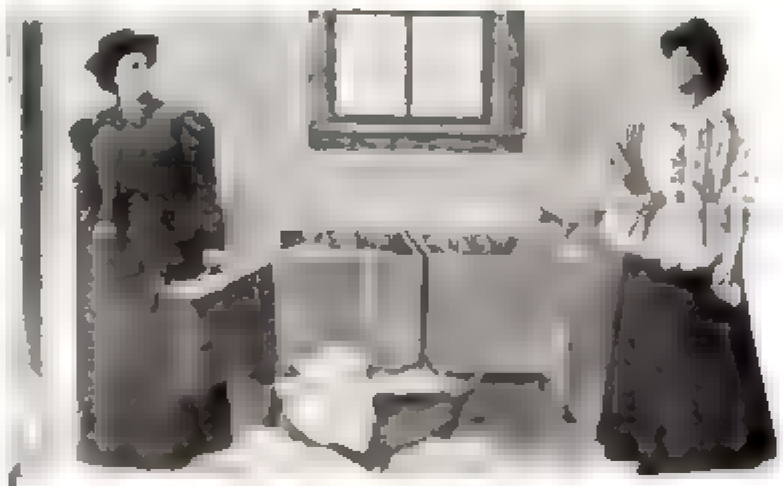


Increase value over 30 per cent in one year.

Backed by the foremost men of the Northwest. Reference any Bank in Seattle. You may reserve shares by wire pending investigation. Write quick for Booklet B.

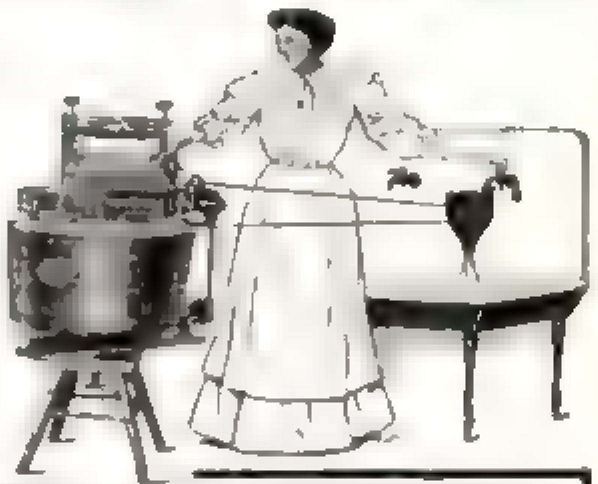
REALTY ASSOCIATES, Colman Bldg., **Seattle, Wash.**

Wash-Day Troubles Ended by a "Self-Working" Washer



Send No Money. Use It a Month FREE

We Pay the Freight



Anything familiar about this picture?

Pleasant sight — isn't it?

Cook giving [illegible] short notice, housemaid refusing to stay "another minute," or, perhaps it's "the wash lady," getting out in a hurry and leaving part of the clothes in the tub and the rest on the floor.

Do you find it hard to keep good servants because of the troubles of wash-day?

Do you have to put your washing out, or have a washwoman in, because your girl will not do such work?

Do you have to keep a girl for no other reason than that you are not strong enough to do your own washings?

Do you depend on laundries?

If so, glance at the picture on the right, where the turning of a water faucet is the hardest work connected with the week's washing.

The "1900 Self-Working Washer" does all the drudgery.

50 lbs. water pressure, or an ordinary electric light current (alternating or direct), will work this washer and do a big week's washing at a cost of 2 to 4 cents for the work.

All that is necessary to start the work is to turn **a water faucet or an electric light key.** Then you do nothing more.

And, as soon as a tubful of clothes is washed, a twist of your fingers switches power to the wringer to wring the clothes out.

You don't have to tend this washer.

It doesn't need anything but mere watching.

It works itself.

No rubbing — no drudgery — no work for you.

Only a twist of your fingers to start or stop the washer, or switch the power to the wringer.

All the rest is done by the water, or the electricity and the "Self-Working Washer."

And the "Self-Working Washer" saves its cost over and over and over again in washwomen's wages, lowered laundry bills and lessened wear and tear on your washables.

The "Self-Working Washer" is as great an innovation to washing as automobiles are to locomotion — making mechanical power do the work human or animal force had to do before.

For the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash the finest linens, lawns and laces and get them spotlessly clean without breaking a thread.

There's nothing about this washer that can wear out your clothes, nor tear them; rip seams nor fray edges, pull off buttons nor break them.

And the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash bed blankets, comfortables, carpets, rugs and get them as clean as clean can be.

To prove this, use a "1900 Self Working Washer" **one full month FREE.**

We will send one to any responsible party and prepay all freight. Send us no money.

You can use it for four weeks' washings, and then, if you don't find it all we claim — if you don't see how it will save its own cost — save wear and tear on all your house linen and washable clothes — save time and trouble and servant worries — just return the washer at my expense and the matter will be closed.

The trial costs you not a penny.

We make this offer because we know the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will do all we say — and save all we say.

And, if you keep the washer, you can, if you wish, pay for it out of what it saves for you. Pay us by the week or by the month (suit yourself) until the washer is paid for.

Write for our catalog today.

Your request will bring you our illustrated washer book by return mail.

Let a "1900 Self-Working Washer" solve your Wash-Day Troubles — keep your servants contented — save your laundry bills — and save your clothes. Address, 1900 Washer Company, 3000 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.

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39,427 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail hundreds of persons who pass these examinations and receive appointments to life positions at $840 to $1200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing dates, places for holding examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D.C.

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All [illegible] **SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE** at half Manufacturers' prices, allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalogue D.
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Dont Dip
INK
If it ain't an "A.A."
It isn't Modern

Many a man is freed from his pen troubles by using a MIDDLE-JOINT MODERN FOUNTAIN PEN

Cleanly in use. Tested by years of service in all climates. The joint's in the right place

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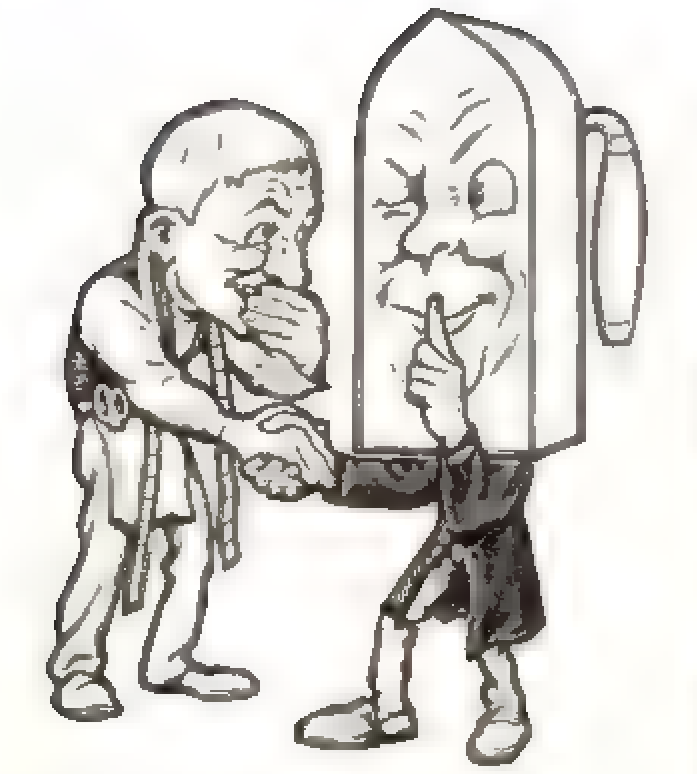
Selling Agent to the Trade — MODERN PEN COMPANY — 22 Thames St., New York
If your dealer does not carry a satisfactory assortment of Modern Pens, write direct to us



Old Dr. Goose Is a Great Friend of the Tailor

THE Flat-iron is the "dope" of the Clothing business.

With the hot pressing Iron a slack section of cloth can be *shrunken* up in a minute, to any desired degree.

Or a tight section may be *stretched* out to any given degree in the same manner, at a trifling cost compared to the sincere hand-needle-work required to produce a similar result in a *permanent* manner.

Now, practically 80 per cent. of all clothes are *faked* into shape in the making, by Old Dr. Goose, the hot Flat-iron

And, any Garment that owes its shape to the *Flat-iron* will need the *constant* use of that same Flat-iron to *keep it* in shape. That's a big thing to remember, Reader.

We are telling you about this vital point of Style-Insurance, and Economy in Shape-retention, because *we* are makers of the "Sincerity Clothes."

And every Sincerity Garment is faithfully shaped to a finish *by the needle* instead of by the faky Flat-iron.

Every defect in workmanship is investigated and, when found, is permanently corrected by Sincere *hand-needle-work*, instead of by the quick, easy, and tricky Flat-iron.

That's practical Shape-Insurance—isn't it!

And a Coat so made, inspected, and so revised (if necessary) will hang well, look square-shouldered without excessive padding, and *keep* its shape with one-third the "Pressing" that a Coat faked into shape by the Flat-iron would need.

To men who would dress well on a moderate outlay this fact is mighty important.

Now, if Shape-insurance, and Style-retention, are *worth* anything to you, Mr. Reader, look for the label of the "Sincerity Clothiers" on your next Coat or Overcoat.

That label reads as follows:

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

ARISTIPPUS

Continued from Page 5)

"'I haven't got no money to waste sight-seein',' he says, 'an', b'sides, I'd lose a day's work.'

"'See here, Aristippus,' I says, 'it won't cost you a cent! How much is your day's work worth?'

"'I guess I'd have to charge you about a dollar, Ed—a dollar'n a ha'f if I buy my own meals.'

"I told him that it was a go, but I'd no sooner said it than I remembered that the next day was Derby Day. I was going to back out at first; then I thought it would be a sporting act to take him with me.

"He was waiting for me in the office when I got down to breakfast, and Jimmie there told me he had been waiting since he came on at six o'clock. I believed it when I saw him eat. He was in a pleasant humor, having compounded his bill against his stepdaughter for five dollars, cash money, and his night's lodging.

"'I hain't going to do so bad this trip,' he says: 'five dollars from her an' the dollar from you—an' I don't mind tellin' you, now we've made our deal, that them fellers back to home agreed they'd pay me my expenses while I was gone.'

"Well, I got the little bay hitched to a cart and we drove down.

"He was a good deal impressed by the ring, and I may say that the ring was a good deal impressed by Aristippus. He couldn't quite understand what was to prevent the bookies from quietly folding up their cash-boxes as soon as they had gathered in the stuff and fading away, like the Arabs, before the races came off. After a while we got back to the paddock. Aristippus said that it reminded him of the county fair at Rickmansville, only there wasn't any trottin' events, nor no gamblin'.

"I explained things to the gentleman from Iowa the best I could—showed him how to figure the odds and told him what were the likely ones. I put a little piece of money on Dampier; I had a straight tip on Dampier. And I backed Malibran for place. After a while the gee-gees lined up for the flag and off they went and in they came. I lost out on Dampier, naturally, but my hunch on Malibran was all right, and I got back to the cart with a roll.

"Well, the sporting blood got right up in him. He took the card away from me and studied on it for a while, and then put his finger on Scanderbeg in the second.

"'How about him?' he asks.

"'No good,' I told him; 'forty to one shot but he's a dead one.'

"'Does that mean that I'd get forty dollars if I bet a dollar on him and he won?'

"'Sure,' I said. 'But he hasn't got a show on earth.'

"He didn't say anything, but sat still for a long time, pulling at his whiskers reflectively and giving me absent-minded answers when I spoke to him. Presently a gleam of determination came into his eyes, and he began to unbutton his shirt in front. I was going to remonstrate when he pulled out an old tobacco-sack that was safety-pinned in his balmy bosom.

"'I'm a-goin' to bet a dollar on that there Scanderbeg, by jimmy!' he says.

"'Hold on, Aristippus,' I says. 'Don't you do anything rash. Have you reflected that you might lose that money?'

"'Dern the diff'runce!' he says recklessly. 'I'm a-goin' to resk it.'

"And I watched him break for the booth and begin to elbow his way through the crowd. I heard him shout: 'I want to bet on Scanderbeg!' and then the mob gave him the horse laugh. In a minute or two he came out with his ticket and climbed up beside me.

"I could hardly hold him down as the horses started for the post. He had me point out Scanderbeg and then stood up and pulled off his hat and began hurrahing for him. But, just as the horses started, he took another look at his ticket and I heard him gasp. He stuffed the pasteboard in his vest-pocket, ripped open his shirt and, pulling out the tobacco-bag, began counting over the bills that were in it. Then he gave the most blood-curdling yell you ever heard, and I just collared him in time to prevent him breaking his neck getting out of the cart.

"'Let me go!' he screamed. 'I've give that feller a fifty-dollar bill instead of a one. Let me go!'

"I held right on to him. 'Keep still, you crazy lunatic!' I says. 'Keep still, or

IT would seem that the shaving soap manufacturer who advertises "don't try others," has doubts as to the comparative merits of his own product.

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Your judgment
is sufficient

Send 4 cts. for trial stick in nickeled box (enough for a month's shaving)

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Professional cooks use
Lea & Perrins' Sauce
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
because no other seasoning has the same fine, rich flavor.

John Duncan's Sons,
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[illegible] beautiful new Uprights [illegible] $125 $135 $150 and $165 [illegible] FROM [illegible]

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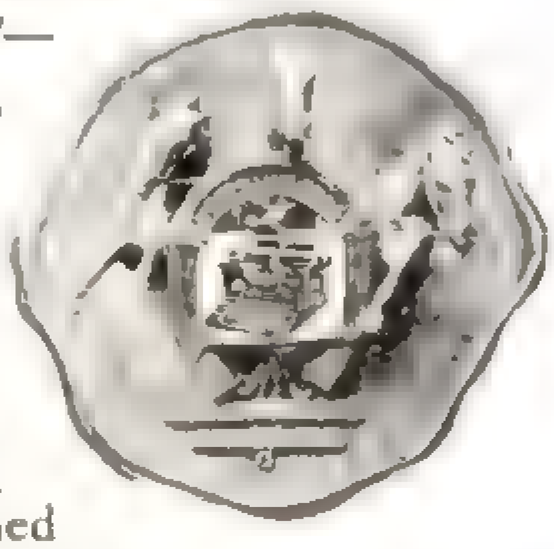

Orders cared for in rotation—
Will yours be filled early?

¶ Every one of the Many Thousands of L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITERS made in our factory during the past year (more than three times as many as any other typewriter firm ever turned out in their first year of active manufacture) was sold before it was completed, and we are still far behind our orders.

¶ It isn't all prestige. It isn't so much the name. It's the machine! Writing ENTIRELY in sight.

Let us send you the Illustrated Catalogue

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.
BRANCH STORES AND EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENTS IN ALL LARGE CITIES

Long-Time Accuracy Assured by this Watch-Test

No Rockford Watch gets a hair spring until it will run without one.

That means that it will keep accurate time years from now as well as this year.

The common fault of watches is that they soon lose their accuracy.

In the production of watches hurriedly and in large quantities, there is no time to take into consideration any defects that can be overcome by adjusting the balance wheel which the hair spring governs.

The Balance Wheel of a watch is adjusted by variously distributing the weight

Rockford

Time for a Lifetime

And in this manner many defects in the watch itself are overcome — for a while — by the watchmaker who must hurry his product to market.

But the balance wheel of a watch should only be required to overcome two *outside* conditions.

First, the frequently changing position of the watch in pocket or hand.

Then the expansion and contraction of the metals caused by heat or cold.

These are the only demands made upon the hair spring and balance wheel of a Rockford Watch.

For every Rockford Watch must prove, by running without the hair spring, that there are no defects to be overcome.

So, when a watch has passed this test and is then tested and adjusted in all positions and in extremes of heat and cold, you have assurance of lifetime accuracy.

And that assurance you get in any watch with "ROCKFORD" on the dial.

Your Watch Dealer knows these facts and [illegible] give you the long time satisfaction you get in a Rockford Watch.

If you are not willingly supplied, write us and we will see that you get what you want.

Write for [illegible] of superiority and full description of the various types of Rockford Watches.

ROCKFORD WATCH CO.
ROCKFORD, ILL.

you will get pinched! It's too late now; the horses are running!'

"He kept on squirming and wriggling and gurgling out that he had 'give that feller fifty dollars fifty dollars!'—so I gave him a jerk that like to have dislocated his neck and he seemed to collapse all at once, and sat, huddled up, with his jaw fallen, staring straight before him. Say, I never saw human misery before that. I felt almost like weeping myself just to look at him. I was shaking him again and telling him to brace up, when I heard a roar and everybody began shouting: 'Scanderbeg! Scanderbeg!' So I jumped up on the seat with my glasses, and, sure enough, Ptolemy was down on his knees to one side of the track and the green and yellow was creeping up on Billy Steb nearly at the three-quarter post, Billy flogging Mazarin to beat the band.

"'Wake up here, Aristippus!' I says, stirring him with my foot. 'Climb up and look at your fifty dollars!' But he only groaned, and I looked again and saw that Scanderbeg was up on Mazarin's quarter.

"They ran that way without an inch gain or loss for close on to forty rods, and the mob just went crazy. Say, if Billy pulled it was the most artistic bit of pulling since Fred Archer if Archer did pull.

"All of a sudden it seemed yellow and green was creeping again. It was. It was like looking at the minute-hand of a watch, you couldn't see it move but you could see it was moving. Along went green and yellow, nearer and nearer to the cherry and white, until, for a moment or two, green and yellow was all you could see; then a rim of cherry and white began to slip out behind, and the tip of Mazarin's nose dropped out of sight. Closer and closer they came and then—whiz! under the wire, but with Scanderbeg neck and shoulders ahead. *Yell!*

"I grabbed the ticket out of Aristippus' limp hand and looked at it. It was a half-century, sure enough, and I hopped out and over to the booth and cashed in. Twenty nice, clean hundred-dollar notes.

"I went back to the cart and found Aristippus looking vacantly around for me, and I showed him his wad. He didn't seem to realize what had happened at first, and I was scared. I thought he had gone nutty on my hands, but I poked him up and finally made him understand.

"'Give it to me,' he says, making a snatch at the money.

But I jammed it down in my clothes.

"'Later on,' I says. 'You try to imagine I'm a safety-deposit vault until we get out of here. You're too reckless with money to be trusted. I'm going to see you don't do any more plunging to-day!'

"As soon as I could we got away, and I hit a lively gait back and got a draft for the two thousand from Schwarzburger's cashier, and made Aristippus pin it up in his tobacco-sack. Then I fed him, bundled him into a cab and took him down to the station and put him on his train. We had about five minutes to wait before the train started, so I sat down on the seat beside him and handed him a farewell cigar.

"'Aristippus, my friend,' I says, 'the golden memory of this day will long linger in my mind. The contemplation of your manifold excellent qualities, which I got wise to at a glance, and which made me desirous of winning your friendship and esteem, will ever be to me a source of joy and delight. Your rugged liberality and munificent prodigality have made a hit with me, and I'm your friend.'

"'That's all right, Ed,' says he. 'You're welcome.'

"'But, as a friend,' I says, 'I want to caution you against betting on races. Don't even go against that county fair ring game. If you get any confidential letters from Chicago parties with United States treasury plates——'

"'Excuse me, Ed,' he says nervously, 'the train's a-goin' to start in a minute. I—er—I reckon you've forgot suthin'.'

"I guess I must have stared, he was grinning at me in such a sheep-faced way.

"'You agreed to pay me a dollar a day, you know,' he says. 'If you don't call it a full day, I don't know but I'd be willin' to take ninety cents an' call it square—if you've got the change with you, Ed.'

"I took the dollar out of my pocket and pressed it into his honest, horny palm. I longed to say something that would express the admiration I felt, but the flow of language I'd been having was choked with emotion.

"'Aristippus,' I says, 'you're a peach!'"

Razac In The Morning While Your Wife Puts Up Her Hair

THE Razac is the new ready razor, nothing to it but shave — anybody can use it, nothing to learn, no care of the blades necessary, no stropping, no honing.

The Razac solves the problem for the man who has never been able to shave himself, the man who has tried other razors without the happiest results. If you are now using any one of the old model safeties you'll want the Razac as soon as you try it, no matter how well satisfied you think you are now.

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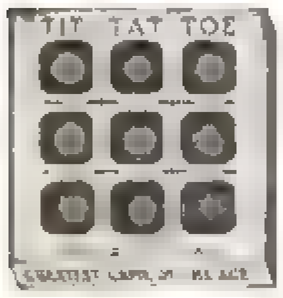

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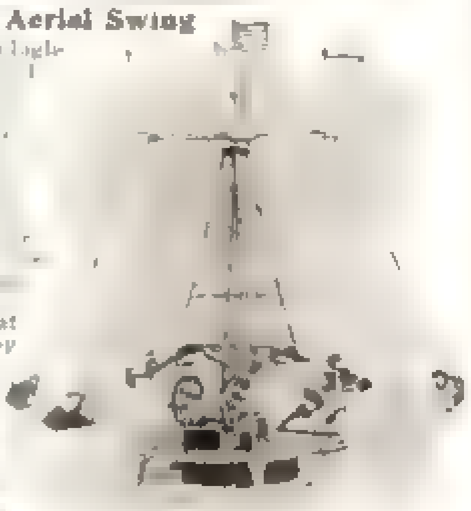

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Our Reference [illegible] Indianapolis, Ind.

The Making of an American School-Teacher

(Continued from Page 4)

his financial situation and faced the fact that, considering the clothes he must buy, he was far short of enough.

In a discussion of the Ways and Means Committee at the supper-table, the evening of his arrival home, the father suggested:

"Why don't you stand the examination, get a certificate and then go after the trustees of District Number Ten?"

He took the examination and secured the certificate and the school. There was nothing, however, in this first attempt at school-teaching to indicate that the Prairie Boy would one day be recognized as one of our leading educators.

When he returned to Iowa City, at the opening of the spring term, the familiar buildings of the University looked marvelously good to him; he was no longer a "greenhorn," but a returning student who had established himself with a circle of teachers and students. As he had missed two terms, he promptly arranged that he might make up lost ground.

At the close of the spring term he went back to Strawberry Point and to the hay and harvest fields, where he made the best wages going—but not quite so much as he had made the previous summer. His educational ardor was still uncooled and the fall found him once more "at the seat of learning," but this time in the University proper.

As the term advanced, he began to grow more interested in the social side of school-life; to awaken to the fact that there were girls in the world and that it was pleasant to associate with them. Then he was beset by secret doubts of the practical value of a college education.

The coming of the Christmas vacation found him in a mood approaching homesickness and he yielded to the impulse to "go back and see the home folks." He packed his belongings and surprised his mother by appearing unannounced at the family table. But a still greater surprise was in store for the good woman whose secret dreams for the future of the Prairie Boy had exceeded his own. With his usual abruptness, he announced that he was not going back to college.

It was not so easy as he had expected to find a good position, and his hunt for employment ended in his apprenticing himself to the local wagon-maker for five dollars a month and board.

One day the young partner in the business called to the Prairie Boy:

"Ed, there's the Methodist preacher's girl over there on the corner. Ain't she a clipper? The last Conference sent the old man back here. I'm going to keep company with that girl."

"Yes," quietly answered the Prairie Boy, going back to his bench. But, as his jack-plane purred along the edge of the oak board in the vise, he said:

"I'll see if you do! I always did like that girl."

After the shop was closed that evening, he bought a new necktie and a fresh box of paper collars and "took a scrub." Then he attended the Methodist sociable, paid his best attentions to the preacher's daughter, and had the satisfaction of being accepted as her escort home.

Five dollars a month spending-money might have sufficed a youth of retiring habits in sleepy old Strawberry Point, but this limitation soon began to pinch the lively Prairie Boy, especially as he felt it necessary to meet the social pace which he knew his rival for the favor of the preacher's girl was ready to set. He was determined not to lose the advantage he had gained at the start of the race through any failure to make the contest interesting, and this meant more money. For him to think was to act, and he at once put the case before his father, who had gone into the prosperous business of selling sewing-machines and organs.

"You've got the makings of a good business-getter in you, and I'll give you twenty dollars a month and find you," said the father.

The offer was instantly accepted. The Prairie Boy did not realize then that this simple step from the wagon-shop to the sewing-machine wagon meant his matriculation in the College of Hustle. For the

How Many Trips to the Laundry?

Corliss-Coon Collars 2 for 25c

stand the Laundry Test better because wear spots are relieved or reinforced as needed.

This shape introduced by us, is in high favor, because it has correct style and is unusually comfortable in any of these three heights

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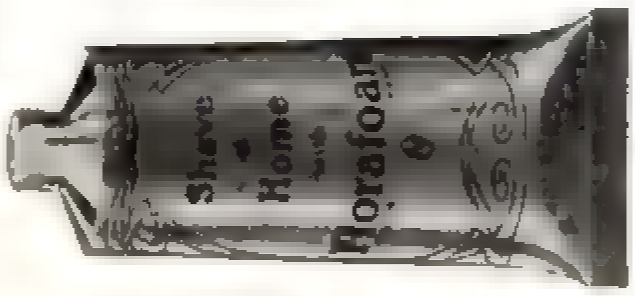
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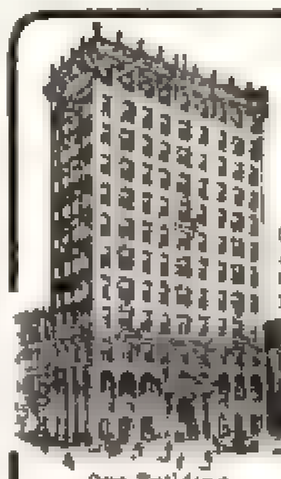

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$5.00 a bottle, with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet and letters from business men and trainers on every kind of case. Permanently Cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone [illegible] Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness. [illegible] Troy Chemical Company, Binghamton, N. Y.

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If you want a hat of finest fur felt, becoming shape, refined, distinctive and correct in style, ask any dealer to show you a

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Cravenette Hat

It is simply our best hat qualities plus the value that comes from the Priestley Cravenette process. The best that [illegible] every day in wet weather or fair. None except [illegible]

Three grades, soft or stiff, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00

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But there is only one way to make coffee that is wholesome and nourishing. That's with the

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Coffee Percolator

The water, lukewarm at first and gradually increasing in temperature, percolates through the coffee, extracting all the purity, strength and goodness of the coffee bean. By the time the boiling point is reached the coffee is ready to serve. No boiling. No bitterness and no steam or aroma escapes.

Made of aluminum and "Elite" enamel ware different styles and sizes $2.50 up, of hardware dealers and house furnishing stores.

May we send you our free booklet? It's worth the cost of a postal to know how to get the best out of coffee

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MAKE MONEY WRITING

Short Stories [illegible] MSS [illegible] Story Writing and Journalism [illegible] Writing for Profit [illegible]
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind

next three years he constantly whetted his wits by contact with the hard trading instincts of the farmers and villagers.

When once he had won the girl, he had determined upon an immediate marriage "without any waits or frills," and to this end he started again for the preacher's home.

In the little town he traded one sewing-machine for a cook-stove, another for a dining-table and a scanty outfit of furniture, and, partially on the strength of these negotiations, secured the consent of the preacher's daughter to an immediate marriage. Their wedding journey was made from Dubuque, where the girl then lived, in a lumber-wagon loaded with their household goods—for they drove overland to Strawberry Point to "save the freight."

Shortly after he had assumed the responsibilities of a family, a thunderbolt of disaster struck his little home. A certain clause of the contracts upon which his father and himself had sold hundreds of sewing-machines was attacked in the courts, and the case appealed to the Supreme Court. That it could be adversely decided had hardly been considered by the agent, so sure was he of his cause. But the highest tribunal ruled against him, and this decision involved a judgment which stripped the father of all his savings and swept the son out of the best job he had ever held. The young man at once fell back upon his bucksaw and began to "cultivate the backache" at a dollar and a quarter a cord, while looking for better work. Soon he was given his old place in the wagon-shop, making wheels at $3.50 a set—wheels which are in use to-day!

In the fall he took a leave of absence from the shop because he could earn more in the harvest-fields. Here he met an old farmer, out on the Hard Pan, who said:

"We want you to teach our school. The big boys have turned out two or three teachers, but I don't think they'll be able to ride your neck."

The Prairie Boy took the school—and a skirmish and a pitched battle settled the question of his supremacy.

The following summer the creamery movement reached the dairy country of Iowa, and the basement of an old tavern in Strawberry Point was converted into a butter factory. Here the Prairie Boy found employment at seven dollars a week, because of his ability to do the hard physical work involved in handling four thousand pounds of milk a day by main strength. The owner of the creamery was a school-trustee, and, when the teacher of the grammar-grade left, he said to the butter-maker:

"We've come to the conclusion that a young man of your muscle and grit is needed to handle the boys in the grammar-room. They're a lively crew, but you can manage them—and the salary is thirty dollars a month."

The man of the milk-cans replied that he was too hot-tempered to make a good school-teacher; but this excuse only seemed to increase the eagerness of the trustees, and he finally yielded to their wishes.

In the course of his first year in the village school, an incident occurred which proved the turning-point of his life and resulted in the recovery of his lost educational impulse. One day the school was visited by the County Superintendent of Schools, William Ewart, a cousin of William Ewart Gladstone, the great English statesman, who was then at the height of his career. The superintendent's call in the grammar-room was short and his comments few. At the close of school, that day, the young teacher asked the principal:

"What did the old man have to say about things in my room?"

"Well," responded the principal, "he said you were a rough specimen of a schoolmaster, but, if you knew how much native ability you had, you'd wake up and begin to dig."

This comment gave the teacher of the grammar department a jolt which shook his mental foundations. "A rough specimen of a school-teacher! . . . Wake up and begin to dig!" These words stayed with him day and night until he was thoroughly aroused. Out of his broodings came a purpose, and finally he wrote to the superintendent a letter which was to do for him more than he dreamed.

Then he said to his young wife: "We're going to have a house—a home of our own; and I'm going to build it with my own hands, too."

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This is too good to keep.

One of my New York customers called on the President of a downtown bank. The banker was smoking, and, opening the drawer of his desk, said:

"I will offer you a cigar that I would think pretty good were it not for the price, but I hate to offer one to a man without telling him that I pay only $5.00 per hundred for them."

By this time the box was out and my customer, recognizing the brand, replied: "Don't apologize, I smoke them myself."

The cigars were my Shivers Panatelas.

The only difficulty I have in making business grow is to get men, that is, men who are ten and fifteen cent cigar smokers, to try my cigars.

A man who has spent his life in the leaf tobacco business and knows tobaccos as the silk expert knows silk says "that if the men who smoke in this country really appreciated what you are doing for the individual smoker, the cigar factory large enough for your business has not yet been built."

All I ask is for a fair chance to have my cigars tried.

I offer a clean saving to you of at least 33⅓ per cent. on your cigar bills.

In addition to this the cigars coming to you are in the best of condition, directly from my factory. No in-between handling and consequent drying and re-sweating — insuring a sweeter, fresher cigar.

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MY OFFER IS:—I will send one hundred Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense and no charge for those smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he is to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.

The fillers of these cigars are Clear Havana, of good quality — not only clear, but long, clean Havana — no shorts or cuttings are used. They are hand made by the best of workmen. The making has much to do with the smoking qualities of a cigar. The wrappers are genuine Sumatra.

In ordering please enclose business card or give personal references, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

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WHITE MANTEL & TILE CO.,
137 Jackson St.,
Knoxville, Tenn.

"BLUE PETE"

(Continued from Page 7)

"Then I makes my get-away through the alley, hops the street car, slips off under the viaduct where it's good and dark, hikes round and hits a freight train."

The Rabbit had all this time sat in open-mouthed awe. His admiration for Chicago Red had been built upon solid and substantial grounds; his was the hero-worship that is rightfully accorded to those who do great, brave deeds; but the reputation of Blue Pete was far greater than Red's. He added genius to his work, and his daring was insolence itself. The newspapers had been full of his exploits for the past six months, and his name had become the symbol for all that was desperate. These men, who, with a little bottle of nitroglycerine and a cake of soap, could and did break open the strongest safes, who shot first and asked questions afterward, appealed to The Rabbit as representing all that was heroic in modern life. So far he had been unnoticed, but now Red turned to him with a laugh.

"I must give a knock-down to my friend 'Jim the Penman,'" he said to Blue Pete. "He done a little fancy writing over in Columbus, an' got away with the kale."

"You on a job now?" inquired Pete.

"I don't know," said Red with a frown. "We know where there's a nice fat crib."

"Where is it?" inquired Pete.

"St. Paul."

Pete shook his head doubtfully.

"They're lookin' for me up there."

"They're lookin' for you every place," argued Red. "They're lookin' for me, too, but I'm takin' a chance. Look here, I'll put you wise. The Goodall Construction Company ——"

"I know the plant," said Pete, nodding his head. "I've piped it off myself."

"Well, they pay off to-morrow. Their gang takes the six o'clock train in the morning, and at noon they pay off right on the work to save time. They draw the roll to-day and keep it in their safe over night. They never keep any guard — just the private police. Fatty Davis is the private watchman on that beat. At one o'clock he rings up and goes to Shag Henry's joint for a lunch. He always gets in a game of pitch after that, and at two o'clock he draws out of the game just long enough to ring up again, and then he hurries back and plays until three. See? Between one and three we've got nothing but the regular cops to look out for, except not to make any noise five minutes each side of two, so we have plenty of time to turn the trick. A fast freight goes past here to-night that lands us in St. Paul at about twelve. The minute we hit the yards we separate. Three in a bunch ain't safe. I'll take Jimmy to a hang-out I know about, and wait till one o'clock. Across the street, catacornered from the Goodall plant, there's a big pile of barrels and boxes where Jimmy can keep a lookout. I'll take Jimmy and plant him there. You come around another way and meet me in the alley at ten minutes after one."

"It's a bet," said Pete: "but we'd ought to put Jimmy on the watch and get a little more sleep. Let's have some grub and get it over with. Jimmy, go bring some more beer!"

The Rabbit obeyed with alacrity, and as he walked away Blue Pete jerked his thumb over his shoulder after him.

"There's a price on 'im, ain't there?"

"Not so much. Five hundred. He's a piker," replied Red. "I'm keepin' him on, though, for that. It's like havin' money in the bank. If I have to keep out of stir or anything, I'll hand him up. I know a bull in St. Paul that'll take him in, keep mum an' hand me my bit."

After the supper had been eaten Blue Pete lay down, and this time he went to sleep with easy confidence. The two others played seven-up and drank more beer until they were tired, but before Red lay down for his strengthening and sobering sleep he thought long and deeply, with now and then a contemplative glance at the sleeping desperado. A better plan had occurred to him than the giving of The Rabbit up to justice for a paltry five hundred dollars.

"You see that yegg?" he said to The Rabbit by and by. "Well, there's five thousand on his head. If we fall down to-night on this crib, you go tip him off to the bulls and cop that money, then we'll split it up. They don't know you."

Ralston Health Shoes $4.

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Ralston Health Shoes are the only ones made to *conform* scientifically to the curves, elevations and depressions of the bottom of your feet. Other shoes pinch the feet here, or fail to support them there — in short, deform them. Bunions, corns and callouses are resulting deformities. On the other hand [illegible] anatomical lasts [illegible]

The smallest picture shows how the weight is distributed all over the bottom of the foot — not simply on the heel and ball, as in most shoes. This shoe fits the foot, while [illegible] no painful, deforming "breaking in" periods of making the foot fit the shoe.

And withal, there's the [illegible] Ralston style. Ease your feet, mind and pocket-book by buying a stylish, long-wearing shoe that conforms and doesn't deform.

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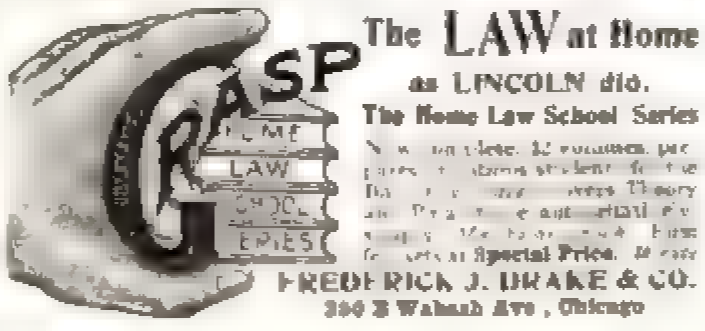

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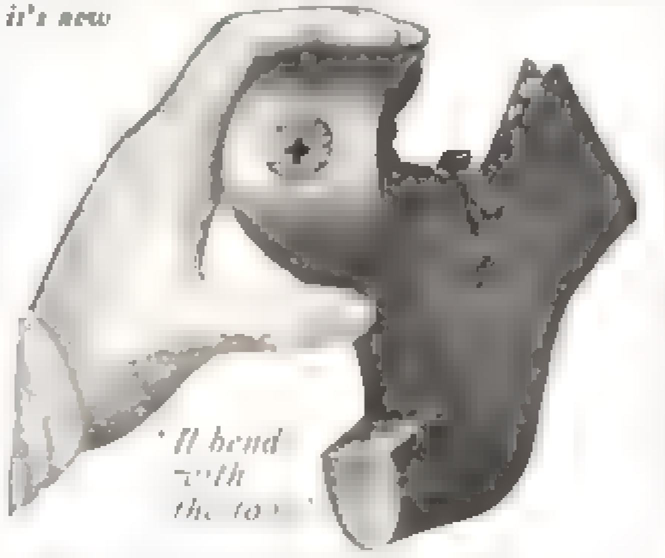
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The younger man looked surprised and ventured a feeble remonstrance.

"Oh, you make me tired!" said Red. And with that he stretched himself out.

Jimmy sat down to his lonely vigil, and it was not long until the night got on his nerves. The sharp, strident voices that infest the woods, in hoots and screeches, squeaks and chirps; the strange rustling of leaves and snapping of twigs, the unexpected splashes in the lake, and, over all, the disturbing memories that now flooded upon him, made this lonely spot a nightmare from which he would gladly have awakened. To shut out all these things, he presently buried his head in his knees, but at the end of a quarter of an hour he raised it with a jerk. He had been nearly asleep, and it was his place to watch. Twice more this happened, and then sleep overtook him and Jimmy dreamed a remarkably vivid dream. It seemed that he was trying to jump on a moving freight train, but that he missed his foothold and was hanging on by his hands, his hip bumping along on the ties, while Chicago Red, on the bumpers above him, cursed him most vilely. Both pain and oaths were so realistic that Jimmy awoke—to find Red brutally kicking him and showering a perfect flood of oaths upon him for having gone to sleep. The shriek and the rumble of an approaching train were filling the woods and echoing from across the lake.

"Come on, you yap!" cried Red.

There was no time for further parley. The two older men started on ahead, leaving the humiliated Rabbit to scramble after them as best he might.

Though they were out of breath, it was an easy matter to catch the freight near the top of the steep grade, and all three got upon the bumpers between the same two cars. The brakeman came overhead by and by and stopped to parley with them.

"Well, you down there, beat it!" he called to them.

The answer was a chorus of startlingly vicious profanity, and from their voices alone the brakeman knew the class of customers with whom he had to deal. If he went down among them, they were diabolical enough to throw him under the wheels, and when Pete offered him four bits for security he took it, glad enough to keep out of trouble with these old-timers. At the first stop he stowed them in an empty box-car and closed the door.

The two yeggmen sat comfortably down against the side of the car.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Red, turning suddenly on The Rabbit with an oath.

"Oh, I wish I could die!" wailed The Rabbit.

For a moment Red could find no word explosive enough to express his sentiments. "So you want to die, eh?" he growled at last. "All right, my buck! We don't want any Molls in this push." And, suddenly pouncing upon the unfortunate Jimmy, he dragged him to the car door, which he slid open with a jerk.

"Oh, no, no! Please!" begged Jimmy.

Red released him with an ugly laugh which was echoed by Blue Pete as the latter closed the door.

"Got cold feet, kid?" asked Pete. "I don't blame you much. There's nothing in this life, anyhow. If you want a chance to start over and be straight, you can get off at the next stop."

"An' peach on us an' get us pinched!" ejaculated Red.

Blue Pete laughed lightly.

"Make up your mind quick, kid," he said not unkindly.

"Who said he could go?" roughly demanded Red.

"I did," Pete calmly replied. "And now I reckon it's up to who's the best man."

"I'll show you that, too!" cried Red.

But the other was ready for him. It was pitch dark in the car, but the two men could tell by the voices that they were facing each other. Pete, however, had deftly slipped off his coat, and now held it dangling from his arms as a shield. A sharp rip told him that Red had lunged at him with a knife, as he had anticipated, and even as he felt the stroke he hurled forward his whole weight in a swinging blow that, luckily calculated, caught Red on the jaw, hurling him to the floor at the other side of the car. Pete was upon him like a cat and there was the sound of a scuffle that drove The Rabbit into a panic of terror. The engine whistled sharply, there was a running of feet overhead and a sharp setting of brakes. The train began

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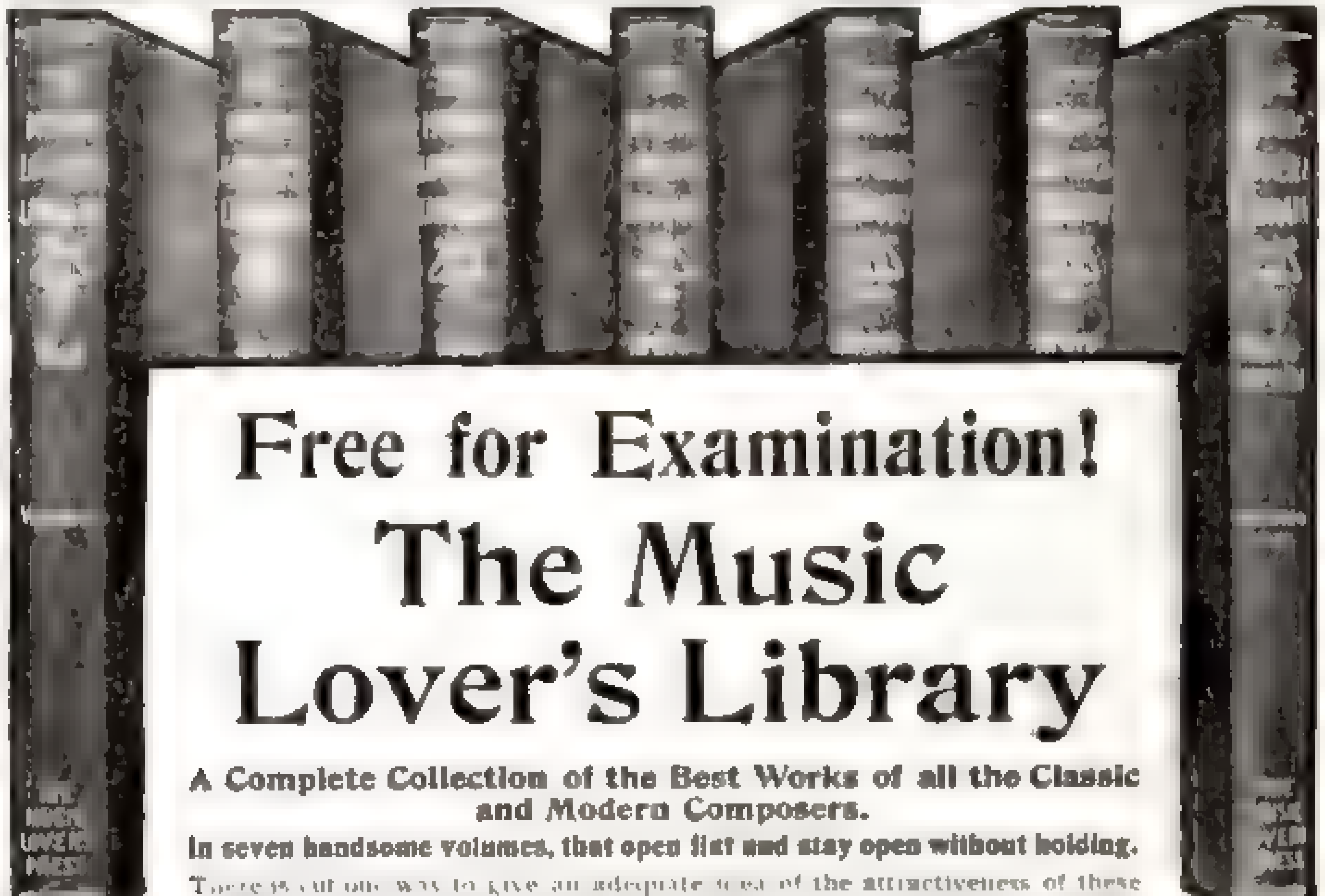

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to check up and Jimmy slowly slid the door open.

There was a cry of pain from Red, and then the tense voice of Blue Pete said:

"Drop that knife! Drop it, I say, or I'll strangle you like a dog!"

The knife clattered on the floor and for a moment there was silence, then again came the voice of Blue Pete:

"Now's your chance, kid. Jump if you want to. Jump—or *shut that door!*"

The switch-light of a little station went sailing slowly by, but, now that the crucial moment had come, Jimmy the Rabbit hesitated. To strike out alone again meant more hardship and dirt, the suspicion and hatred of every man he addressed, the certainty of being eventually caught, the misery of being without money or friends. Why, he was starving when Chicago Red had taken him up! On the other hand, if he took this one risk and got through it safely, he could take his share of the money, go away somewhere, embark in a little business, and begin life all over again on an honest basis. Maybe——

There was another struggle in the car, but it was a brief one, ending in a sharp "Huh!" of expelling breath.

"Who's the best man?" inquired the voice of Blue Pete.

No answer. Another brief struggle and groan.

"*Who's the best man?*"

"You are," finally acknowledged Red between gasps of pain.

"Remember it, then, and let's stick to business," rejoined Pete. "Here's your knife. Say, you Rabbit, jump or shut that door—do you hear?"

The train was going faster and faster, and beyond the switch there was a sheer embankment. The question was thus answered, for to have jumped then would have been suicidal.

"I'll stick," announced The Rabbit, and this time he closed the door himself.

When they drew into the railroad yards of the city Red jumped off first.

"Remember, now, Pete," he cautioned in parting. "In the alley, ten minutes after one, and wait till I come. If I get there first I'll wait."

"I'll be there," said Pete.

He peered out of the door at them as they threaded their way among the box-cars of the yard. When he was within a block of the freight station he alighted himself and strode up the street, alert and wide-eyed, without a trace of the furtiveness that might be expected of one of Blue Pete's wide reputation.

Up the street he saw, advancing toward him, the gleaming brass buttons of a policeman, but, instead of avoiding the officer, he walked directly toward him. He kept in the shadows of the awnings as much as possible, however, and at the first alley-mouth he darted into the darkness until the roundsman, with the street light full upon his face, was just abreast of him. The officer had seen the square-shouldered figure dart back in the shadow, and he peered into the alleyway suspiciously. He was somewhat surprised to hear a low and cautious voice call to him:

"Come here, Barney!"

Gripping his club the policeman turned warily in, and, as he drew near, he flashed his night-light. Suddenly he held out his hand.

"Why, hello, Burton!" he exclaimed. "When did you get in?"

"Just dropped off the freight," replied Blue Pete. "I've got Chicago Red and a forger from Columbus; I didn't get his name, and we'll have to send there for descriptions. Poor kid! He'll be better off, though, to get pinched. Go to your box and call up the chief. Tell him to send you a relief at once. We're to break the safe at the Goodall Construction Company, and I want you in on it, because Red is a dangerous gun-man. He shot Connelly in Kansas City, all right. Have plenty of men there as quickly as you can, but get them there quietly. We want our catch with the goods on them this time. And be sure you arrange for my escape better than you did in that last haul."

"All right, cap'," said the officer, and hurried to the police-telephone on the corner.

Then detective Burton, who had, by carefully-placed bogus news-items, worked up a reputation, under the alias of Blue Pete, as a desperado second only to Tracy, sauntered away to meet Chicago Red in the alley back of the Goodall Construction Company.

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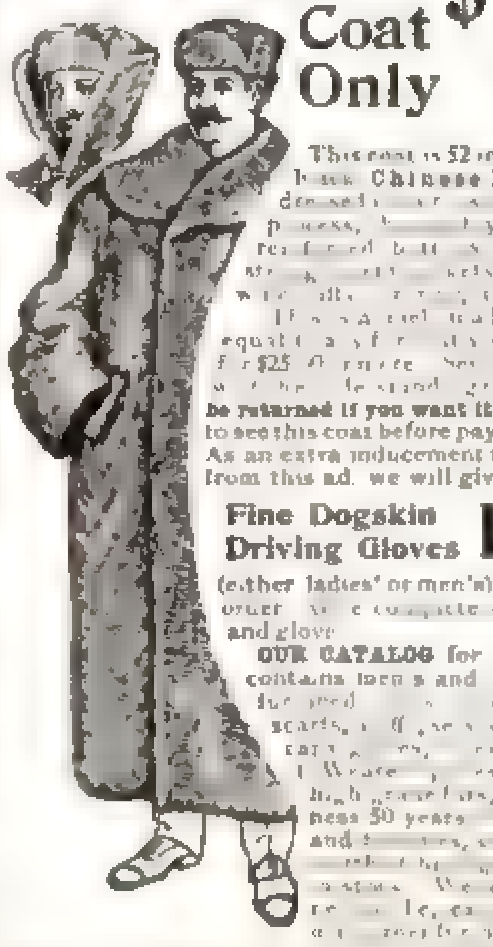

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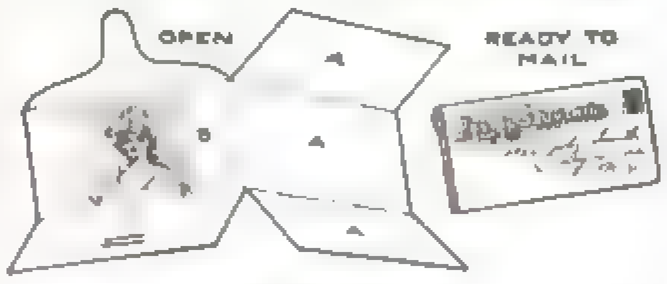

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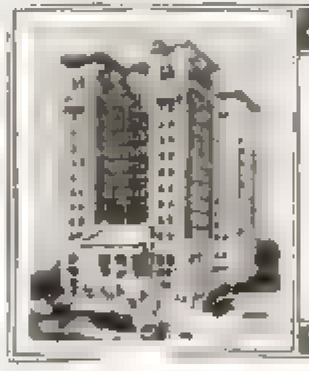

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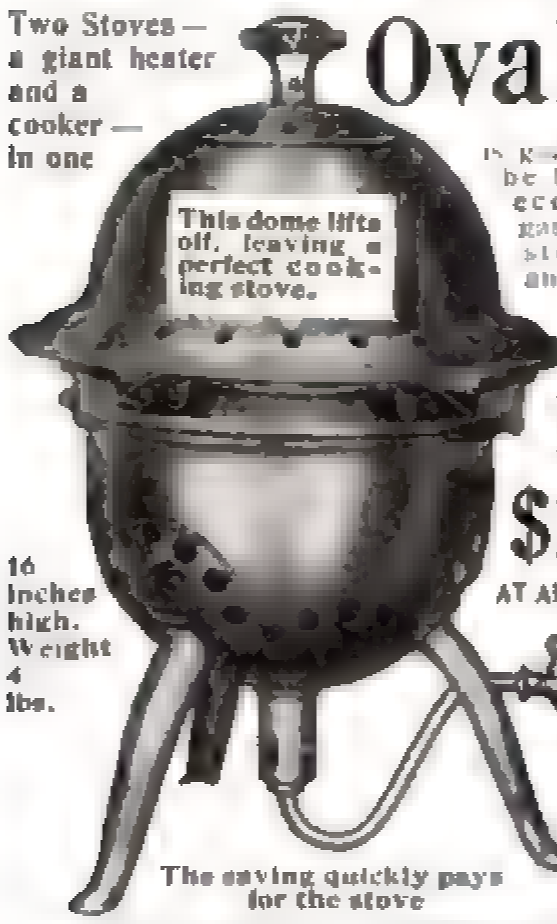
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THE SHAME OF THE COLLEGES

(Continued from Page 11)

Harvard and Vassar. The oarsmen of the Gentlemen Trust held their own with difficulty; then the watermen of the Ladies' Syndicate crept ahead stroke by stroke, Gertrude Huyler and Genevieve Lowney showing magnificent form. A quarter, a half, a whole length the girls forged ahead, when suddenly a sympathizer of Harvard shouted from the shore:

"Gertrude, your back hair is coming down!"

Instantly Gertrude Huyler dropped her oar and clutched wildly at her braids. The move was disastrous, for the Vassar team-work was shattered and Harvard shot past, an easy victor.

Still Vassar, in her madness, would not be mastered by Mere Man. The students held a mass-meeting on the campus, formed a daisy-chain and voted three months' allowance to erecting a magnificent statue of the Founder, Matthew Vassar. This work of art was constructed of rich mahogany chocolate and filled with strawberry cream. It stood in Main till late last fall, when it was accidentally eaten by a pretty Freshman from Arizona, where the appreciation of art is less than the momentary appetites.

I outlined, in one of my Chapters Which Have Gone Before, the syrupy, adhesive, honey-drips quality of the average college story—the "dear old" college story as retailed at Yale. But the popular romance of Vassar is made of sterner stuff. It tells of love and war, of perfectly awful encounters with Amazons in knightly bloomers upon the basket-ball gridiron—or flatiron, or whatever you call it. Here is the outline for a good, average Vassar story which any of my readers may fill out and sell, if they have the mind and the patience:

Myrtle Vane is the captain of the basket-ball team; height five feet eight inches, weight one hundred and seventy-five pounds—as true a man as ever wore the V or lost a hairpin for dear old Vassar. At the close of her Sophomore year, Myrtle, covered with tan and athletic honors, goes back to Vinemere to spend the summer with her folks. One fine morning, Tom Brown, of Yale, goes drifting by in his canvas canoe. He is fishing for catfish, and is so busily engaged in the exciting sport that he does not observe the beautiful girl on the river-bank, neither is he aware of the terrible typhoon which is bearing down upon him. (*Here insert exciting description.*) But the eye of beautiful Myrtle—that aquiline, dovelike eye—spies the danger at once. Utterly disregarding her stunning new lingerie gown with its yoke of eyelet embroidery (Am I right?), she dives (*Plump!*) into the murky waters, upsets the canoe, and, seizing Tom's collar firmly in her teeth, she sets him safely on shore, just as the vengeful tempest snatches the frail bark and tears it into fine strips.

Tom gazes a moment at the shattered canoe, then at his fair rescuer.

"Thank you so much for saving me," he drawls—and after a pause of something like embarrassment: "But don't you think you might have saved the canoe while you were about it?"

So they are engaged. In the autumn they part, Myrtle for Vassar, Tom for Yale. The basket-ball season comes on again and Myrtle trains like a madman. Then comes the day of the great Senior-Junior game. Myrtle, captain of the Juniors, leads her team to what seems certain victory. But the Seniors are stubborn. Fourteen times do the Juniors, with warlike squeals, force the reluctant ball up to the Senior basket; but fourteen times are they slapped back by the determined Seniors. The Juniors cheer their captain ecstatically:

> Myrt! Myrt!
> She won't get hurt!
> See her hoof it over the dirt!
> Per-fect-ly lovely!
> Ah-h-h-h!!

And the Seniors come back with:

> Golly, Dolly!
> You're just jolly!
> Go for the Juniors,
> Hit 'em in the forehead—
> Make 'em feel horrid!
> Whee, whee, whee!
> 'Rah for she!
> Vass-ar, Vass-ar, Vass-ar!

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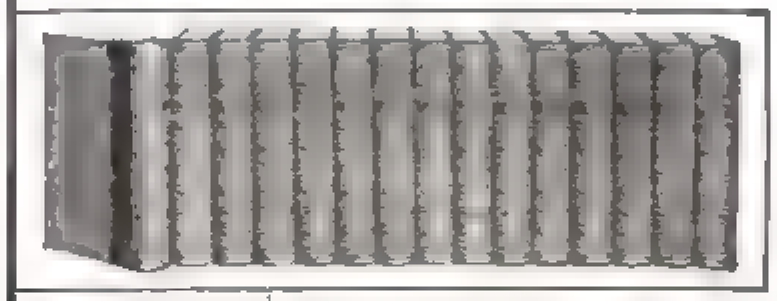

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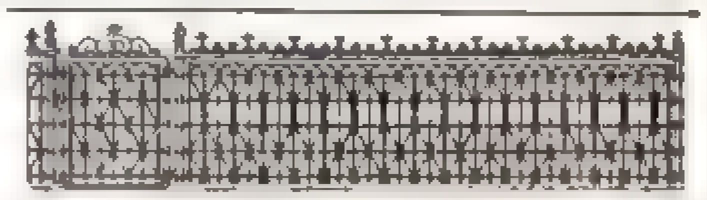

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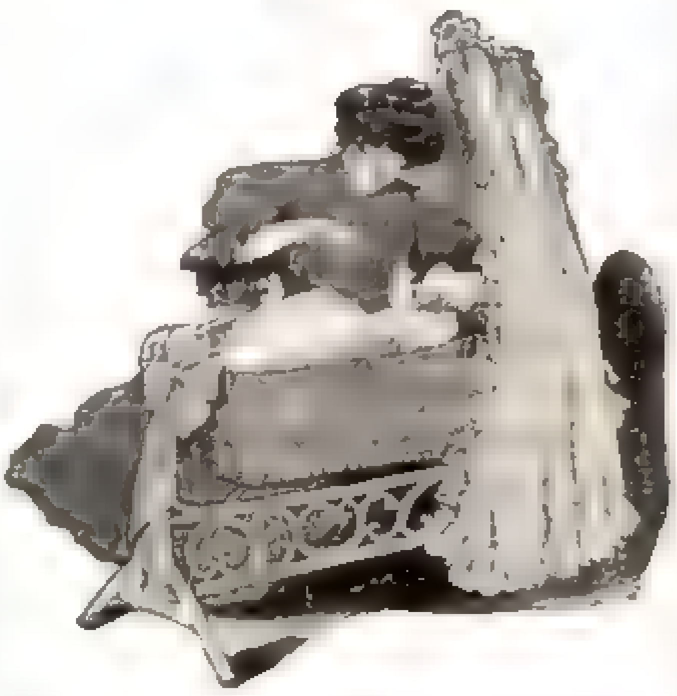

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"Thank you," I said as he bowed me out.

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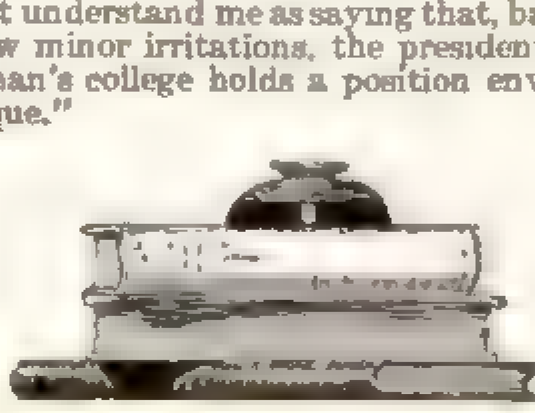

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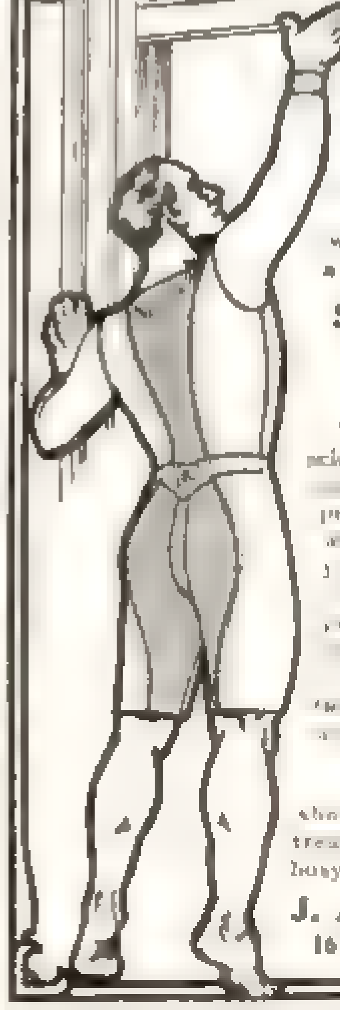

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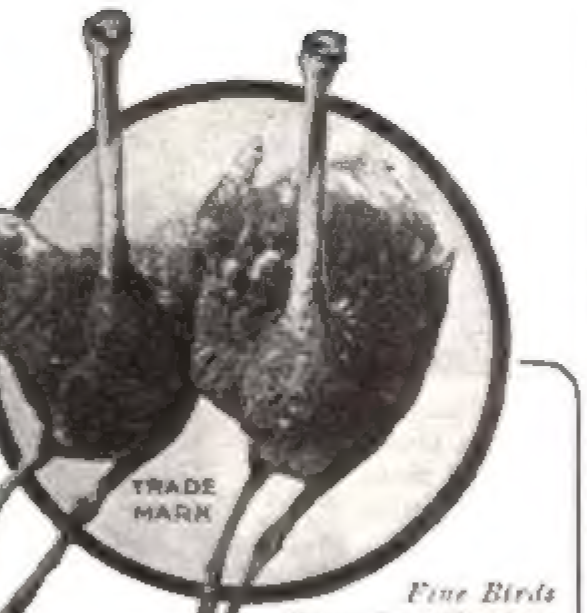

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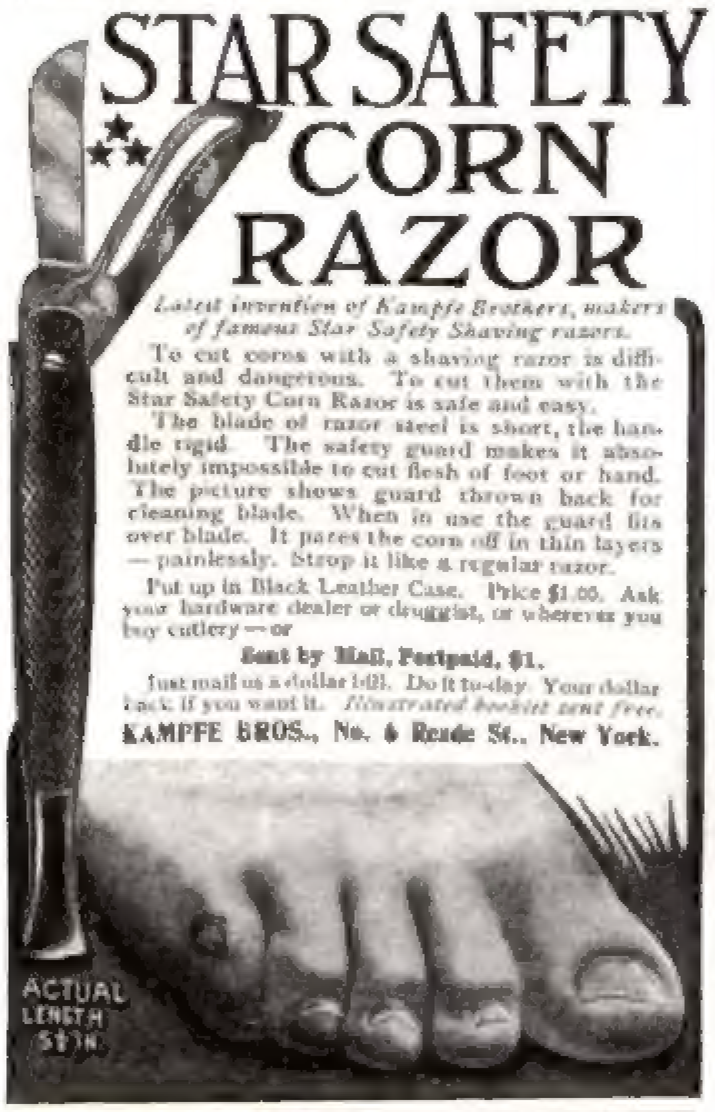

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The Chase of the Golden Plate

(Continued from Page 15)

nearest physician? Probably. I got Doctor Walpole's name from the telephone-book —he being nearest the Herbert home—and sent Mr. Hatch there, where he learned of the wound in front and of the thirty-two calibre ball. I already knew the police revolvers were thirty-eight calibre; therefore Mr. Herbert was not wounded while in the automobile.

"That removed Mr. Herbert as a possibility in the first theft, despite the fact that his invitation-card was presented at the door. It was reasonable to suppose that invitation had been stolen. Immediately after the plate was returned by express, Mr. Herbert affected a reconciliation with Miss Meredith. Because of this, and for other reasons, I could not bring myself to see that he was a party to the second theft, as I knew him to be innocent of the first.

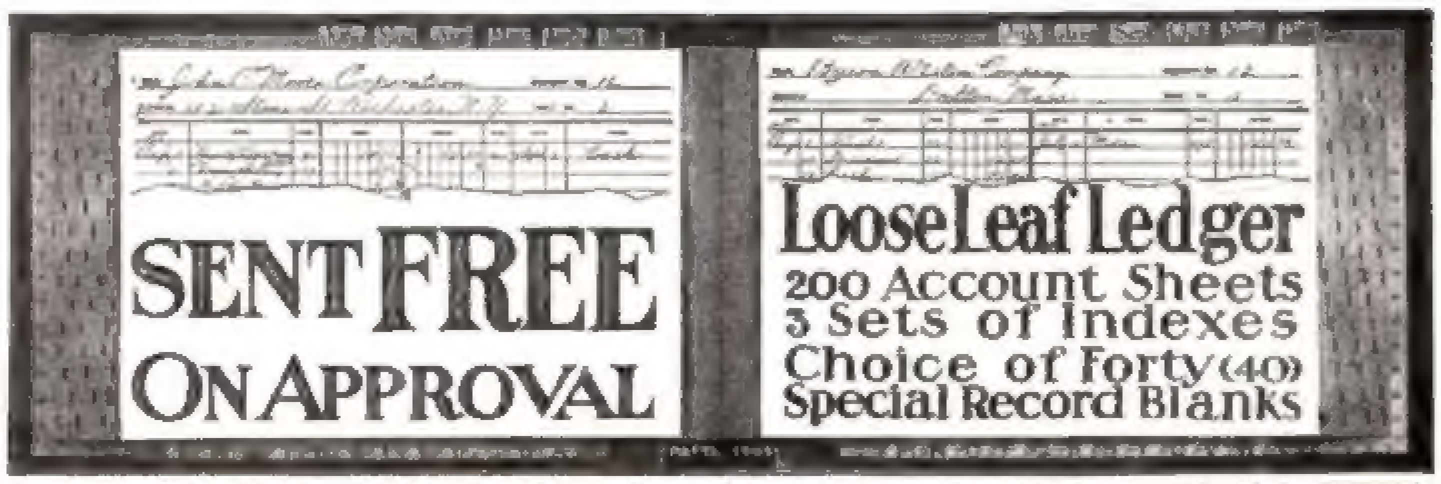
"All things must be imagined before they can be achieved; therefore imagination is one of the most vital parts of the scientific brain. In this instance I could only imagine why Mr. Herbert was silent. Remember, he was shot and wouldn't say who did it. Why? If it had been an ordinary thief—and I got the idea of a thief from the invitation-card being in other hands than his—he would not have hesitated to talk. Therefore, it was an *extraordinary* thief in that it connected with something near and dear to him. No one was nearer and dearer to him than Miss Meredith. Did she shoot him? No. Did her father shoot him? Probably not, but possibly. A brother? That began to look more reasonable.

"For the moment I assumed a brother, not knowing. How did Mr. Herbert know this brother? Was it in his college days? Mr. Hatch brought me a list of the students of three years before his graduating-year and there I found the name, Harry Meredith. You see, step by step, pure logic was leading me to something tangible, definite. My next act was to see Mr. Meredith and ask for the address of his son—the only son—who at that time I frankly believed was the real thief. But this son was in South America. That startled me a little and brought me up against the father as a possible thief. He was in Baltimore on that night.

"I accepted that as true at the moment after some—er—some pleasant words with Mr. Meredith. Then the question: Was the man who stole from Mr. Herbert, probably entering his place and shooting him, masked? Mr. Herbert said he was. I framed the question so as to bring Harry Meredith's name into it, much to Mr. Herbert's alarm. How had he recognized him as Harry Meredith? By something he said or wore? Mr. Herbert replied in the affirmative—both. Therefore I had a masked Burglar who could *not* have been either Harry Meredith or Harry Meredith's father. Who was he?

"I decided to let Mr. Hatch look into that point for me, and went to see Doctor Walpole. He gave me the bullet he had extracted from Mr. Herbert's shoulder. Mr. Hatch, shortly after, rushed in on me with the statement that Miss Meredith had admitted that Mr. Herbert had confessed to her. I could see instantly *why* he had confessed to her. Then Mr. Hatch undertook for me the investigation of Herbert's and Harry Meredith's career in college. He remembered part of it and unearthed the affair of The Triangle and the theft of a diamond ring.

"I had asked Mr. Hatch to find for me if Harry Meredith and Mr. Herbert had had a mutual intimate in college. They had: George Francis Hayden, the third member of The Triangle. Then the question seemed to be solved, but Mr. Hatch upset everything when he said that Mr. Hayden was dead. I went immediately to see Mr. Herbert. From him I learned that, although Mr. Hayden was *supposed* to be dead and buried, there was no positive proof of it; the body recovered had been in the water three weeks and was consequently almost unrecognizable. Therefore, the theft came inevitably to Mr. Hayden. Why? Because the Burglar had been recognized by something he said and wore. It would have been difficult for Mr. Herbert to recognize a masked man so



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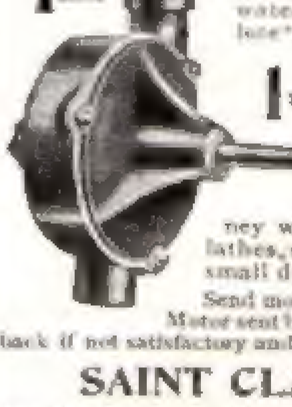

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It's a good one and it's free.

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If you can't find Imperial Hats for sale in **your** city, write to the store on the above list nearest you, or send us $3 with the name of your dealer and we will fill your order direct. At any rate, send for our Fall Style Book of Hats.

It's Free

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Pumpkin Pins, 5c each

Ghost Lights, 25c box. Red Metal Devils, 15c doz. Pumpkin Lanterns, 5c, 10c, 25c each. Skull Lanterns, 10c. Pumpkin Head Boxes, 5c, 10c each. Devil Lanterns, 15c. Metal Snakes, 10c. Skeletons and Wishbones, 5c each. Walnuts and Peanuts containing Pickaninny, 5c each. Pumpkin Jack Horner Pie, 12 Ribbons, $1.50. Witch and Pumpkin Ice Cream Cases, 60c doz. Hallowe'en Tally Cards, 50c doz. Dinner Cards, 50c doz.

Beautiful Catalogue Free on request.
We positively do not pay mail charges.

B. SHACKMAN & CO., Dept. 50, 812 Broadway, New York.

positively unless the masked man *wore* something he absolutely *knew*, or *said* something he absolutely *knew*. Mr. Herbert *thought* with reason that the masked man was Harry Meredith, but with Harry Meredith in South America, the thief was incontrovertibly George Francis Hayden.

"After a short interview as to Hayden, during which Mr. Herbert told me more of The Triangle and the three watch-charms, he and I went out investigating. He took me to the room where he had found the plate and jewels—a place in an apartment-house which this gentleman manages." The scientist turned to the stranger who had been a silent listener. "He identified an old photograph of George Francis Hayden as an occupant of an apartment.

"Mr. Herbert and I searched the place. My growing idea, based on the established knavery of George Francis Hayden, that he was the real thief in the college incident, was proven when I found this ring there—the ring that was stolen at that time—with the initials of the owner in it."

The Thinking Machine produced the ring and offered it to Detective Mallory, who had allowed the earth to slip away from him slowly but surely.

"Mr. Herbert and I learned of the insurance fraud in another manner—that is, when we knew that George Francis Hayden was not dead, we knew there had been a fraud. Mr. Hayden has been known lately as Chester Goodrich. He has been missing since Mr. Herbert, in his absence, recovered the plate and the jewels in his apartments. I may add that, up to the day of the masked ball, he was protected from casual recognition by a full beard. He is now clean-shaven."

The Thinking Machine glanced at Mr. Mallory.

"Your man—Downey, I think it was—did excellent work," he said, "in tracing Miss Meredith from the time she left the automobile until she returned home, and later leading you to Mr. Herbert. It was not strange that you should have been convinced of his guilt, when we consider the goods in his possession and also the wound in his shoulder. The only trouble is he didn't get to the real insides of it."

That was all. For a long time there was silence. Dollie Meredith's pretty face was radiant and her eyes were fastened on her father. Mr. Meredith glanced at her, cleared his throat several times, then arose and offered his hand to Dick Herbert.

"I have done you an injustice, sir," he said gravely. "Permit me to apologize. I think perhaps my daughter ——"

That was superfluous. Dollie was already beside Dick, and a rousing, smacking, resounding kiss echoed her father's words. Dick liked it some and was ready for more, but Dollie impetuously flung her arms around the neck of The Thinking Machine and he—passed to his reward.

"You dear old thing!" she gurgled. "You're just too sweet and cute for anything!"

"Dear me! Dear me!" fussed The Thinking Machine. "Don't do that. It annoys me exceedingly."

. . . .

Some three months later, when the search for George Francis Hayden had become only lukewarm, this being three days before Miss Meredith's wedding to Dick Herbert, she received a small box containing a solitaire ring and this brief note:

> In memory of one night in the woods and of what happened there, permit me to give this. You can't return it. It is one of the few things honest money from me ever paid for.
>
> BILL, THE BURGLAR.

While Dollie examined the ring with mingled emotions, Dick stared at the postmark on the package.

"It's a corking good clew," he said enthusiastically.

Dollie turned to him, recognizing a menace in the words, and took the paper which bore the postmark from his hands.

"Let's pretend," she said gently—"let's pretend we don't know where it came from!"

Dick stared a little—and kissed her.

(THE END)

Editor's Note—Sampson Rock of Wall Street is the title of our new serial, which will begin in next week's issue. It is by Edwin Lefèvre, whose Wall Street writings have made him the acknowledged leader in the fiction of finance.

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Prove it yourself.

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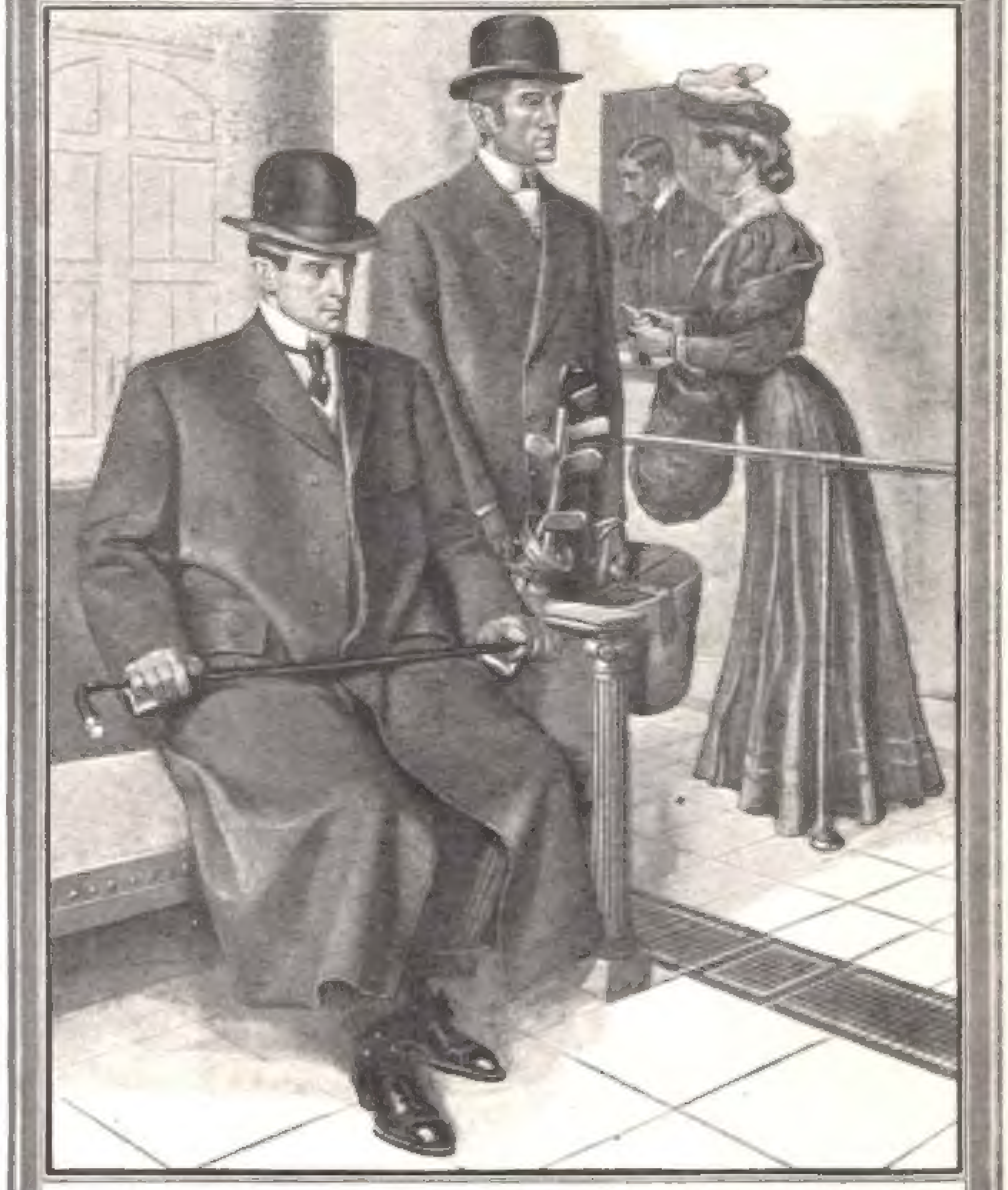

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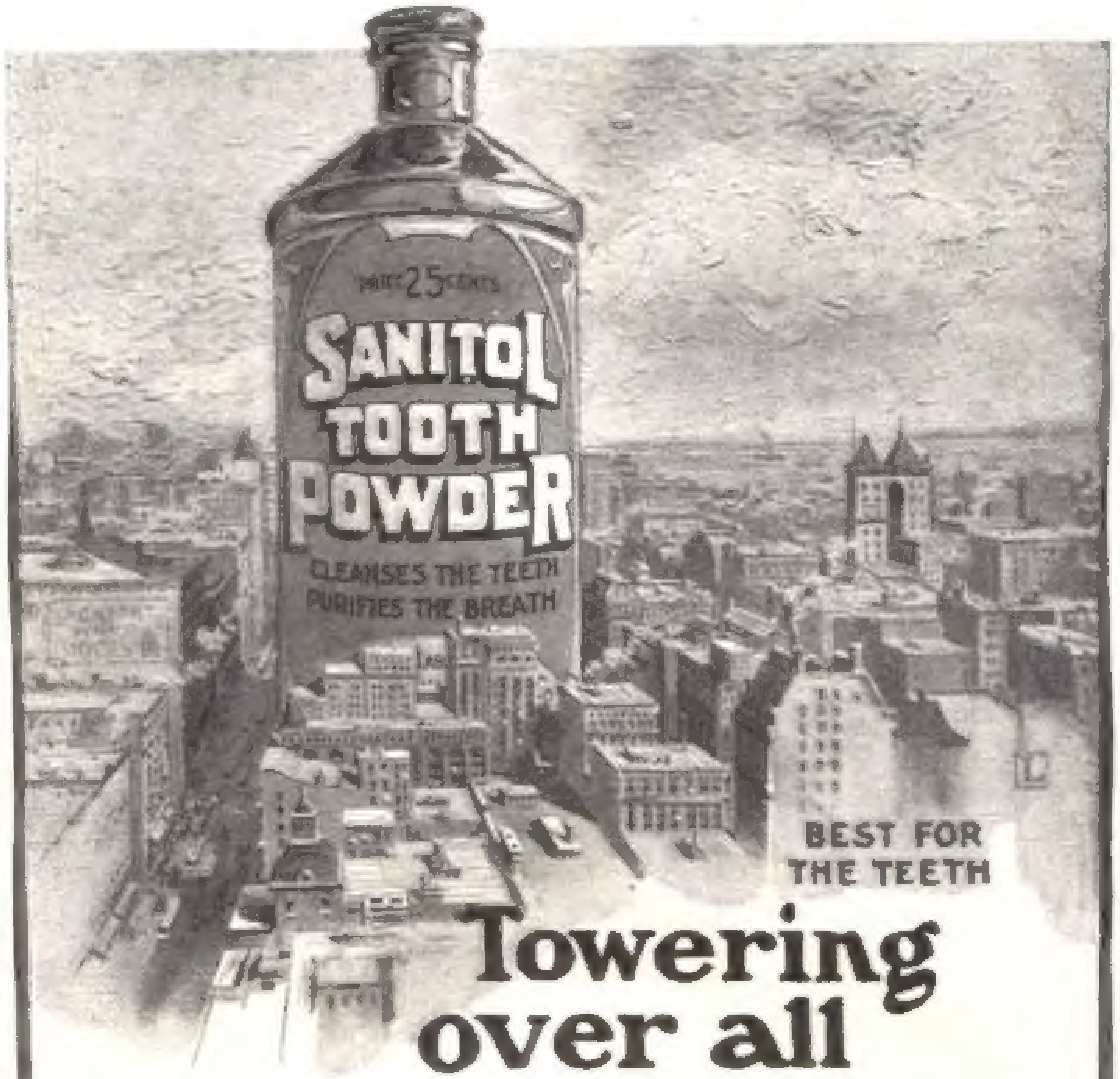

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